

R

A FAWCETT MAGAZINE

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



APRIL

10¢

NO. 19



THE MAN AND HOUR OF DOOM—FOR THE AXIS!

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, un-
dependable storm glass. The
Weatherman Weather House is the
original "Swiss" Weather House
which actually tells you the weather
in advance. Beware of imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN— YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, we how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. F8
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name (Please print plainly)

Address

City State

FREE
for Prompt
Action

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered!
Tradition is—a person sowing one of these
plants will have much good luck and success.



AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is raising very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous!" Mrs. J. S. Amsterdam, Ohio

"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful!" Mrs. J. F. Booth, Bay Mills

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself." —Mrs. L. K., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful!" Mrs. D. L. S. Shenandoah, Iowa

EYE

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Consulting Editor
SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG
Director of the
Child Study Association
of America, Inc.

EDITORIAL ADVISORY
BOARD
PROF. H. W. ZORBAUGH
Director of Clinic for Gifted
Children, New York
University

DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE
Associate Prof. of Education
and Executive Officer of the
Community Center, Teachers
College, Columbia University

REAR ADMIRAL
RICHARD E. BYRD
Noted Explorer, Aviator
and Author

To help us maintain high
standards of wholesome
entertainment in our com-
ics publications, we have
enlisted the aid of the
distinguished individuals
whose names are given
above.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.
PRESIDENT



CAPT. MIDNIGHT,
THE ACE WHO
TRUMPS THE AXIS,
PRESENTS

**WINGS UNDER
THE WAVES!**

**THE CULT OF
DEATH!**

**THE DEVIL'S DESK!
MERCHANTS OF EVIL!**

PLUS

JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR!
(EPISODE 10 OF YOUR AIR-FACT SERIAL!)

BLOOD ON THE RISING SUN!
(ANOTHER RIPPING RED SKYE YARN!)

YOUR INVENTION PAGES! (IS YOUR IDEA PICTURED THERE?)

THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES! YOUR MONEY IS RETURNED!



ORDER IN ADVANCE! We are trying to cooperate 100% in the war effort. With this aim in view, and due to the paper shortage, we are cutting down on the number of copies of each magazine printed. We therefore suggest that you ask your news dealer to reserve your copy of your favorite comics, just to make sure he isn't all sold out when you get to the stand. ** Incidentally, if the issue isn't on sale the day we announced it would be, remember the transportation difficulties. Every now and then a magazine will be late, even though we'll do our best to avoid it. We're cooperating! Will you? **RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!**

April, 1944. Vol. 4, No. 19

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR \$1.20 IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., at 1100 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky., by arrangement with the Wander Company of Chicago, Ill. W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President; Roger K. Fawcett, Vice-President; Allen E. Norman, Secretary; Gordon Fawcett, Treasurer; Elliott D. Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Editorial Director; Al Allard, Art Director. Entered as second-class matter Aug. 19, 1943, at the Post Office at Louisville, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1944, by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reprinting in whole or part forbidden except by permission of the publisher. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in United States and possessions; foreign subscriptions 12 issues for \$2.00. Canadian subscriptions not accepted. Single issues 10c. Editorial offices: 1501 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Advertising offices: New York 18, 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 No. Michigan Ave.; Los Angeles, Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Building; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Building. General offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Printed in U. S. A.

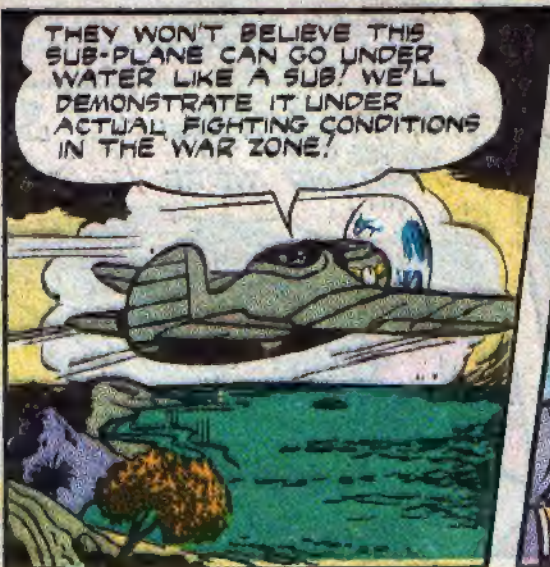
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



THE THUNDER-
CLOUDS OF WAR GATHER
EVERYWHERE---EVEN OVER
LONELY **PITCAIRN ISLAND**,
ABODE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE
FAMED MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY!
THE PRESENT-DAY ISLANDERS
PROVE THEY ARE LOYAL BRITISH
SUBJECTS, ENEMY OF THE INVADING
NIPS, AS **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT**
WITH HIS AMAZING NEW **SUB-PLANE**,
LEADS THEM IN A SMASHING
CRUSADE AGAINST THE SINKING
SONS OF THE RISING SUN!

**PRESENTING THE AMAZING
ADVENTURE---
WINGS UNDER THE
WAVES!**

OVER THE PACIFIC TOWARD THE FAR EAST FLIES A NEW PLANE, PRODUCED BY THE MECHANICAL GENIUS OF CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, ACE AMERICAN INVENTOR! ...THE SUB-PLANE!



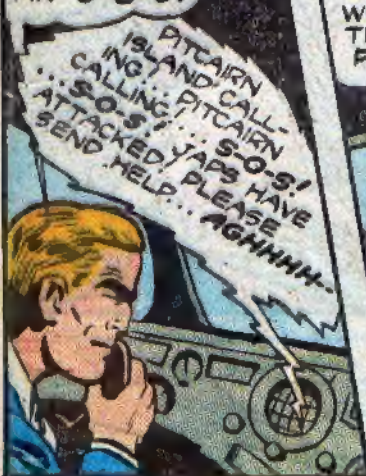
SCHABOD MUDD, HAS JOINED CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT ON THE TEST FLIGHT...

I FEEL LIKE I'M IN A SUB, NOT AN AIRPLANE! YET SHE FLIES AT BETTER THAN 400 MILES AN HOUR!



SUDDENLY--

AN S-O-S!



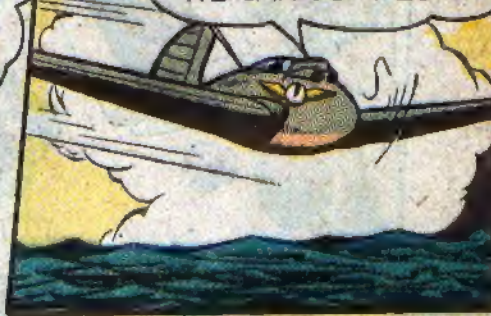
THEY MUST HAVE KILLED HIM! THE SIGNAL STOPPED! AND THE MESSAGE WAS VERY WEAK--- WE'RE PROBABLY THE ONLY ONES WHO PICKED IT UP, CAP!

THEREFORE, WE'LL ANSWER IT! PITCAIRN ISLAND IS ONLY THREE HOURS FLYING TIME FROM HERE!



BUT WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST THE JAPS ALONE, CAP?

DON'T FORGET WE'RE A COMBINATION BOMBER, AND A SUB---WITH TORPEDOES! MAYBE WE CAN DO A LOT!



PITCAIRN ISLAND? HMMM! ISN'T THAT WHERE ROBINSON CRUSOE WAS?

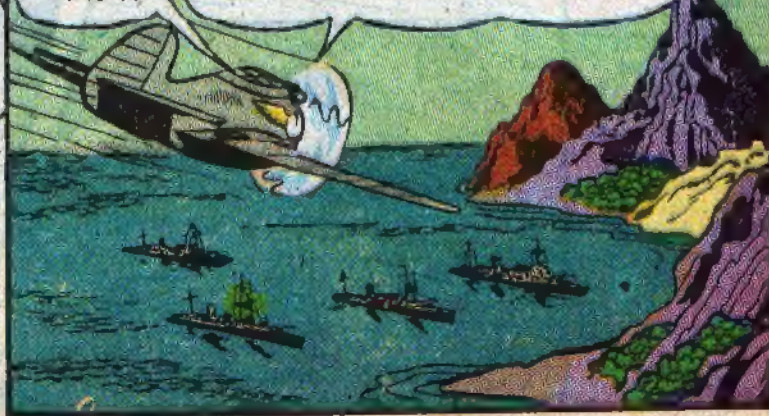
YOUR HISTORY IS WAY OFF BEAM, ICKY! PITCAIRN IS WHERE THE SURVIVORS OF THE MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY SET UP A COLONY THAT SURVIVES TODAY!



THREE HOURS LATER, THE STRANGE HYBRID SHIP REACHES THE ISLAND OF HISTORICAL FAME!

PITCAIRN AHoy!

AND LOOK---THE JAPS ARE HERE ALL RIGHT! FOUR DESTROYERS!

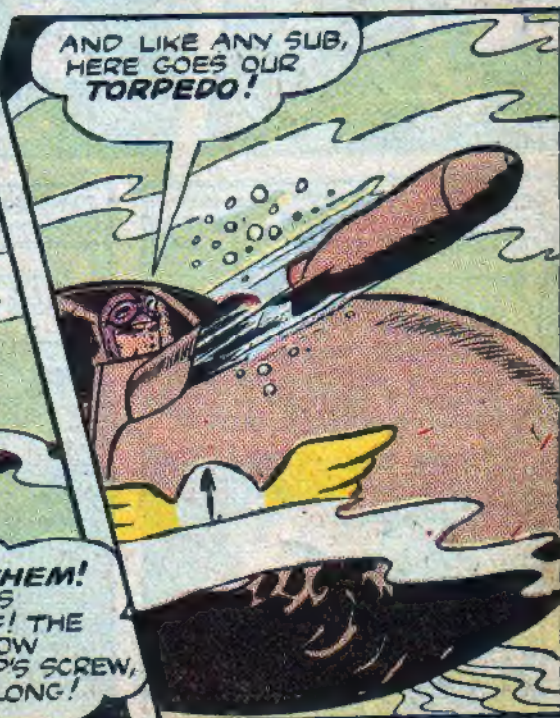
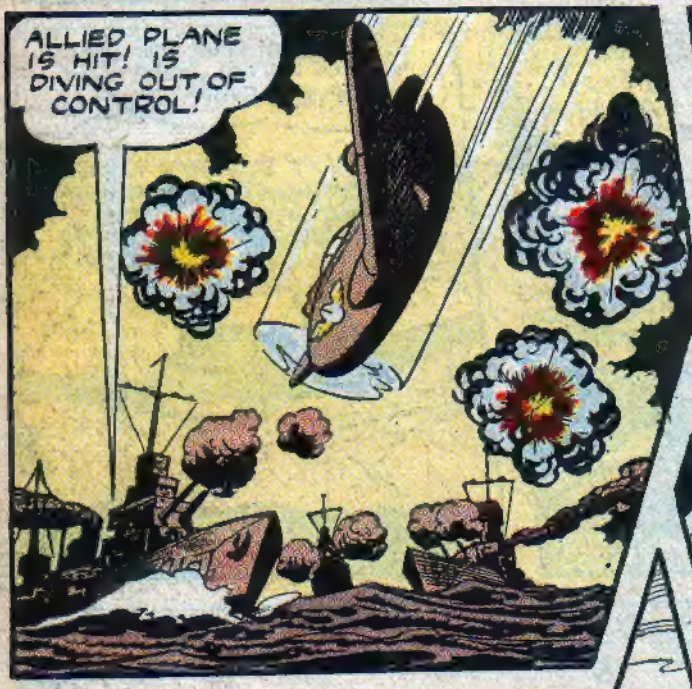




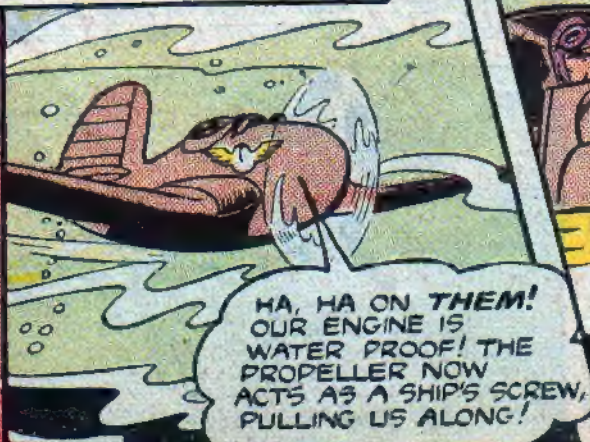
CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT HAS CHANGED TO...
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, AMERICA'S
FIGHTING ACE!

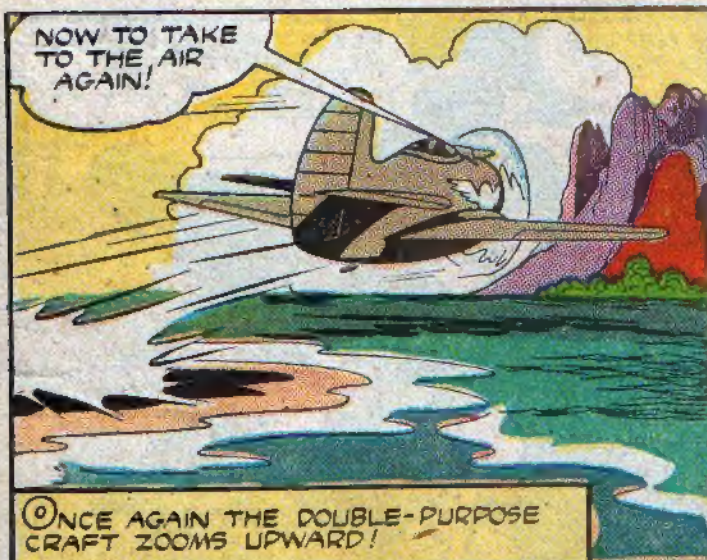
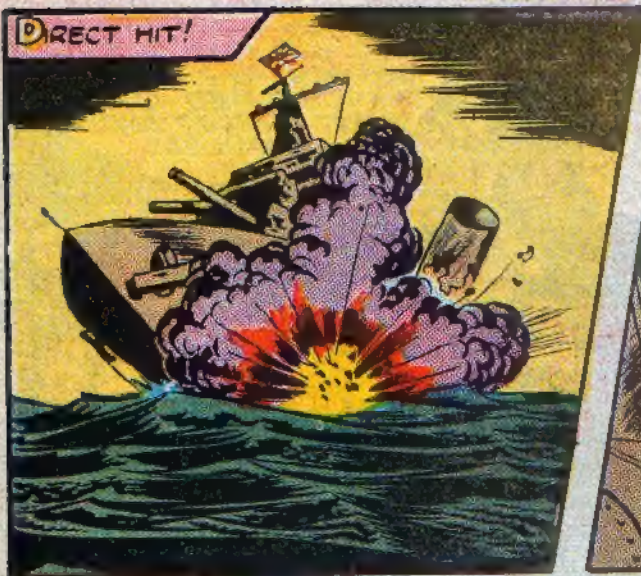
SEAL THE CABIN,
ICKY--- FOR A DIVE!
WE'RE GOING TO
PRETEND WE'RE
HIT!

RIGHT, CAP!
LET 'ER GO!



BUT
UNDER WATER
UNKNOWN
TO THE
JAPS, THE
ASTOUNDING
PLANE HAS
BECOME A
WINGED
SUBMARINE!





BUT IN THE SETTLEMENT, THE JAP LEADER, FLUKI, USES CUNNING PROPAGANDA!

DID NOT THE BRITISH CAST YOUR ANCESTORS ADRIFF, AFTER THE MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY? DID NOT THE BRITISH EXILE THEM TO A LIFE OF HARDSHIP ON THIS LONELY ISLAND?

YES, BUT THAT IS FORGOTTEN! THE BRITISH HAVE **HELPED** US SINCE! SENT US FOOD AND SUPPLIES!



BUT WE WILL HELP YOU **MORE!** AND YOU CAN HAVE **REVENGE** ON THE BRITISH! HELP US FORTIFY THE ISLAND! ALL THOSE IN FAVOR STEP FORWARD!



WE REFUSE TO HELP!

FLING THEM IN PRISON!--- ALL EXCEPT THEIR LEADER! HE WILL BE EXECUTED!



OLD JOHN TEMPLER, PATRIARCH OF THE ISLANDERS, FACES THE FIRING SQUAD!

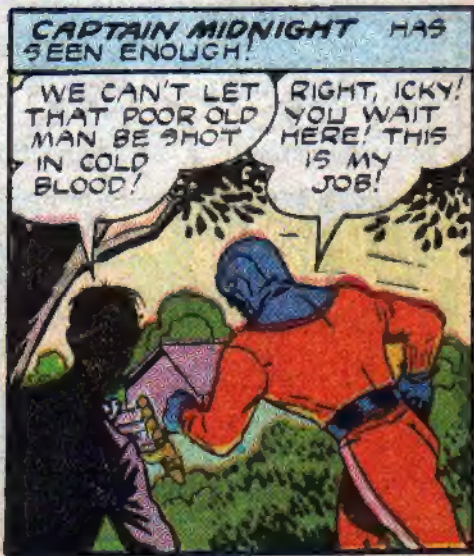
THE SON OF HEAVEN DEMANDS YOUR DEATH, OLD FOOL!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HAS SEEN ENOUGH!

WE CAN'T LET THAT POOR OLD MAN BE SHOT IN COLD BLOOD!

RIGHT, ICKY! YOU WAIT HERE! THIS IS MY JOB!



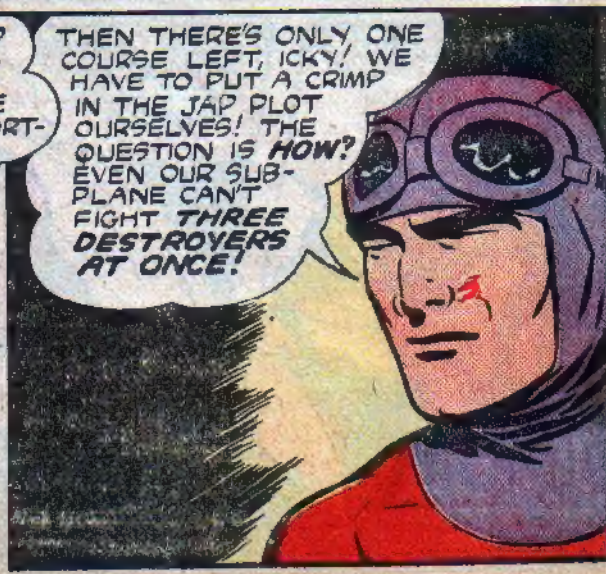
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

BEFORE SURPRISED GUARDS CAN STOP HIM---



THE MIGHTY AMERICAN BATTLER REACHES THE VILLAGE SQUARE!





THE PATRIARCH OF PITCAIRN
REVEALS A PLAN!

FOLLOW ME TO A SECRET
COVE! WE WERE BUILDING A
WARSHIP, BEFORE THE JAPS
CAME! IT'S READY TO BE
LAUNCHED!

WARSHIP?
GOOD!
LEAD
US TO
IT!



AT THE SECRET COVE...

WARSHIP? ARE
YOU KIDDING?

THERE!

WHY, THAT'S AN OLD
WOODEN TUB OF CENT-
URIES AGO! IT WOULDN'T
STAND UP AGAINST A
MODERN DESTROYER
FOR ONE SECOND!



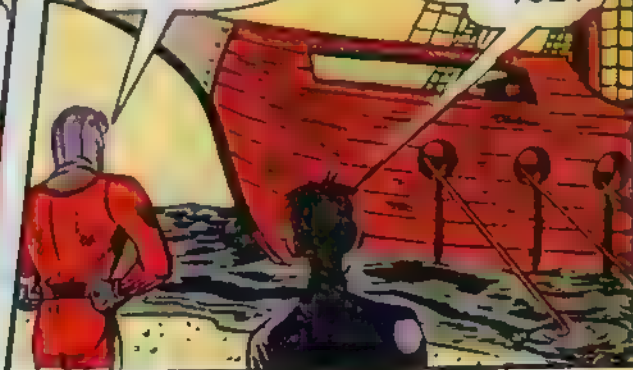
IT WAS THE BEST
WE COULD DO! WE
HAD ONLY WOOD, AND
A LITTLE STEEL! BUT
IT'S EQUIPPED WITH A
STEEL NOSE--- FOR
RAMMING! THAT'S
WHY WE EQUIPPED
IT WITH OARS
TOO!

HMMM! I
THINK IT
CAN BE
USED--- AT
NIGHT!



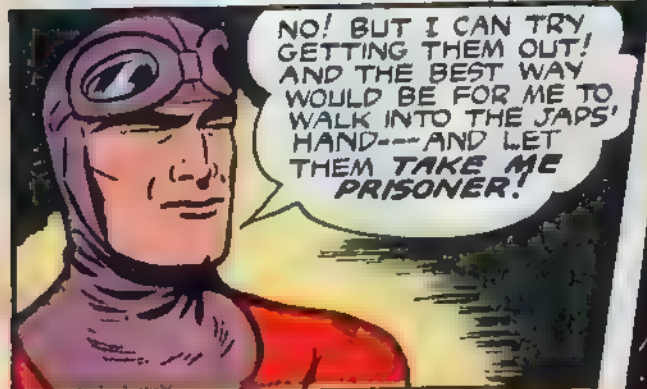
BUT WE NEED A CREW!---
BOTH TO PUT ON SAIL
AND TO USE THOSE OARS!
AND THE ONLY POSSIBLE
CREW WOULD BE THE
OTHER ISLANDERS,
AT CAMP!

YOU
DON'T
THINK
THE JAPS
ARE GOING
TO RELEASE
THEM, DO
YOU?



LET THE JAPS
CAPTURE YOU?
THAT'S CRAZY,
CAP! YOU WON'T
COME BACK!

GIVE ME TILL
TONIGHT! IF
NEITHER I NOR
THE ISLANDERS
SHOW UP BY
THEN, ESCAPE
IN THE SUB-
PLANE! SO
LONG!



NO! BUT I CAN TRY
GETTING THEM OUT!
AND THE BEST WAY
WOULD BE FOR ME TO
WALK INTO THE JAPS!
HAND---AND LET
THEM TAKE ME
PRISONER!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT CONCEIVES A
DESPERATE PLAN!



LATER, NEAR THE SETTLEMENT, A JAP SENTRY CATCHES A CARELESS SNOOPER!

HONORABLE HANDS UP! HAH! I'VE CAUGHT GREAT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

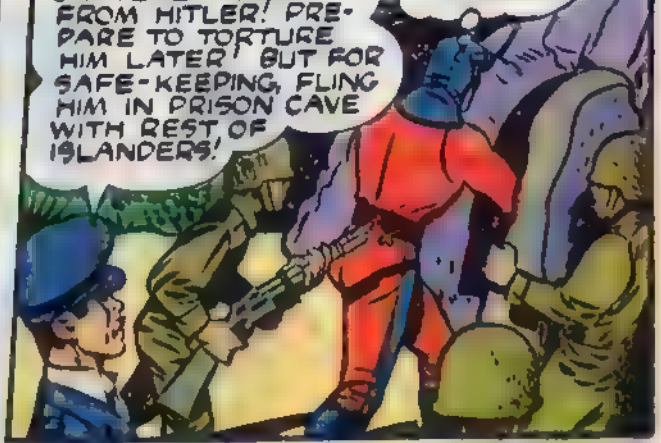
OH! I'M CAUGHT! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!



LUKI IS HIGHLY PLEASED!

WE WILL ALL GET MEDALS FOR THIS CAPTURE--- EVEN FROM HITLER! PREPARE TO TORTURE HIM LATER, BUT FOR SAFE-KEEPING, FLING HIM IN PRISON CAVE WITH REST OF ISLANDERS!

JUST WHAT I FIGURED, CHUMPS!



WITHIN, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT QUICKLY OUTLINES HIS SCHEME TO THE LOYAL ISLANDERS!

WILL YOU HELP SAIL THE GALLEON AGAINST THE JAP WARSHIPS?

CERTAINLY, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, BUT THAT BIG ROCK KEEPS US FROM ESCAPING!



WAIT--- THIS LOOKS LIKE A NATURAL NITRATE DEPOSIT, IN THIS CAVE! ALL WE NEED IS SULPHUR FOR AN EXPLOSIVE---AND SULPHUR WE GET FROM MATCHES!

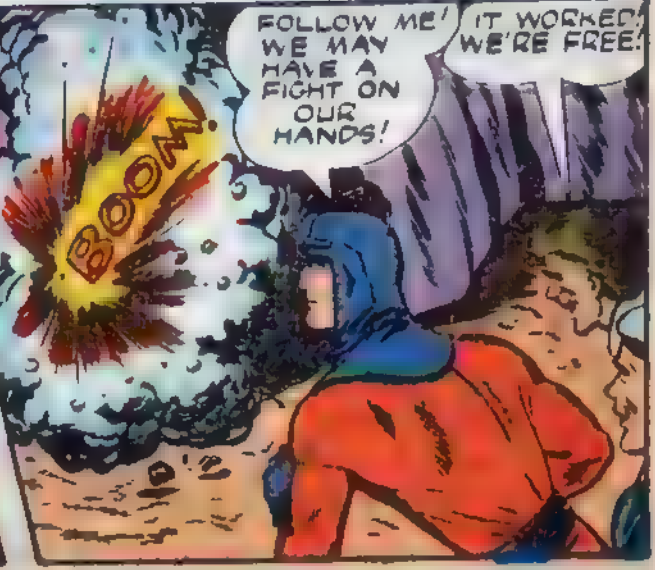
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S KEEN SCIENTIFIC MIND QUICKLY DEVISES A BLASTING COMPOUND!

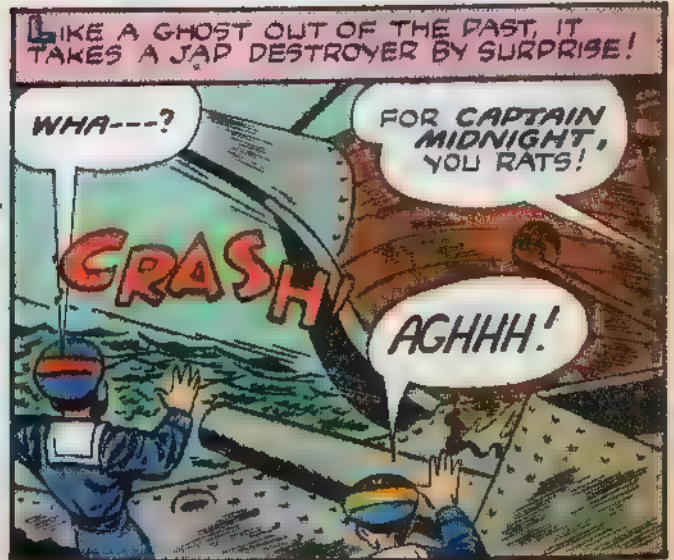
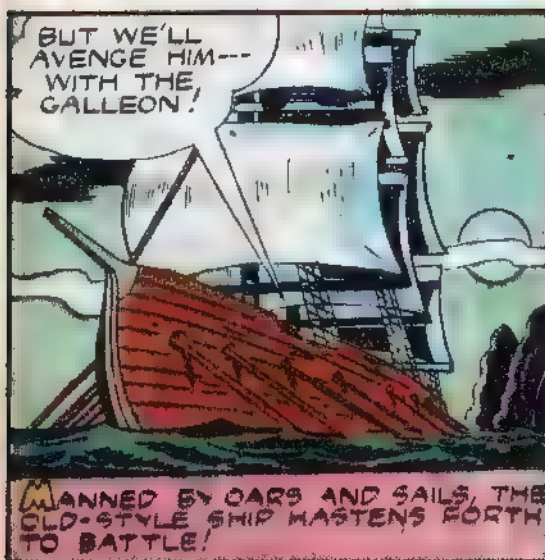
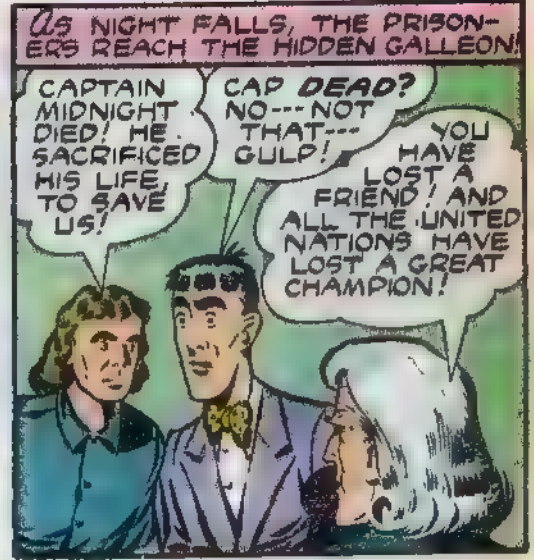
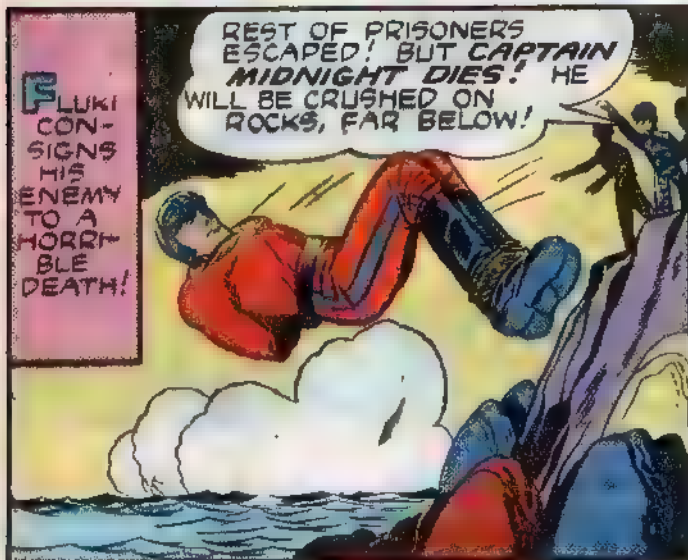


STAND BACK EVERYBODY! I'M LIGHTING THE EXPLOSIVE MIXTURE!

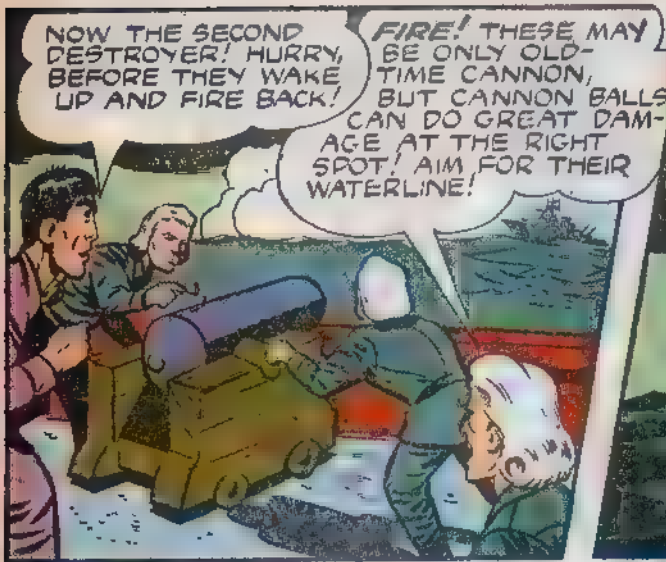
FOLLOW ME! WE MAY HAVE A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

IT WORKED! WE'RE FREE!





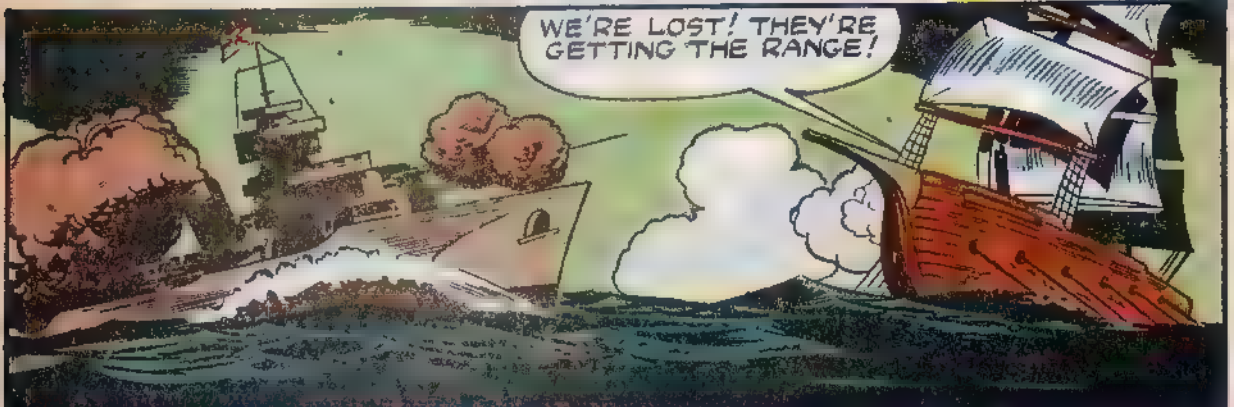
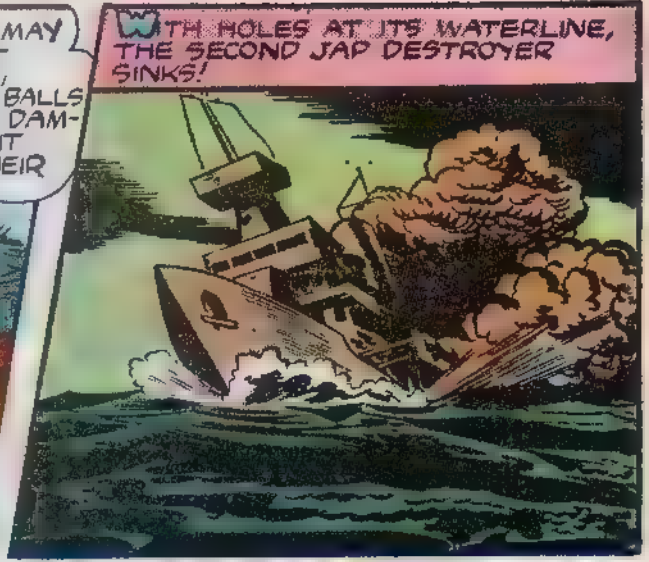
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



NOW THE SECOND DESTROYER! HURRY, BEFORE THEY WAKE UP AND FIRE BACK!

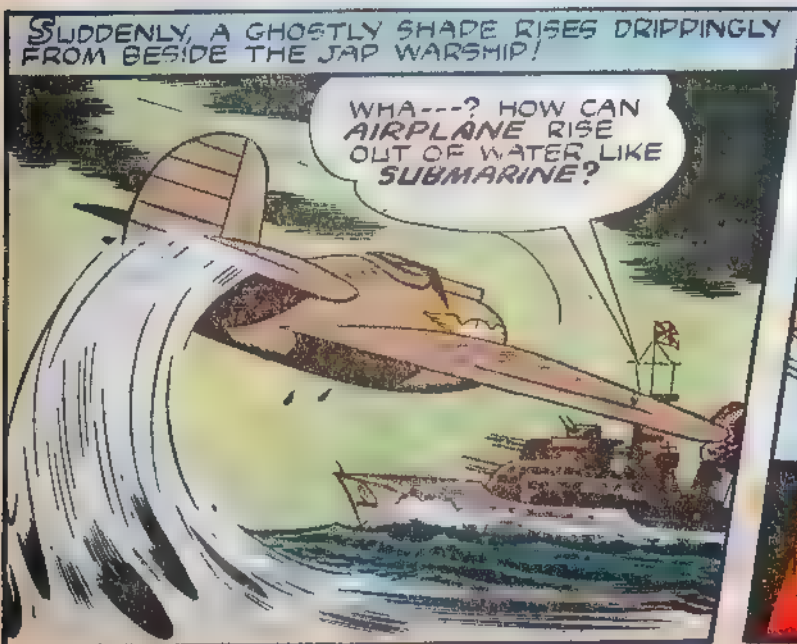
FIRE! THESE MAY BE ONLY OLD-TIME CANNON, BUT CANNON BALLS CAN DO GREAT DAMAGE AT THE RIGHT SPOT! AIM FOR THEIR WATERLINE!

WITH HOLES AT ITS WATERLINE, THE SECOND JAP DESTROYER SINKS!



WE'RE LOST! THEY'RE GETTING THE RANGE!

BUT THE ONE REMAINING JAP WARSHIP HAS HAD TIME TO TURN ITS BIG GUNS AGAINST THE OLD WOODEN CRAFT!



SUDDENLY, A GHOSTLY SHAPE RISES DRIPPINGLY FROM BESIDE THE JAP WARSHIP!

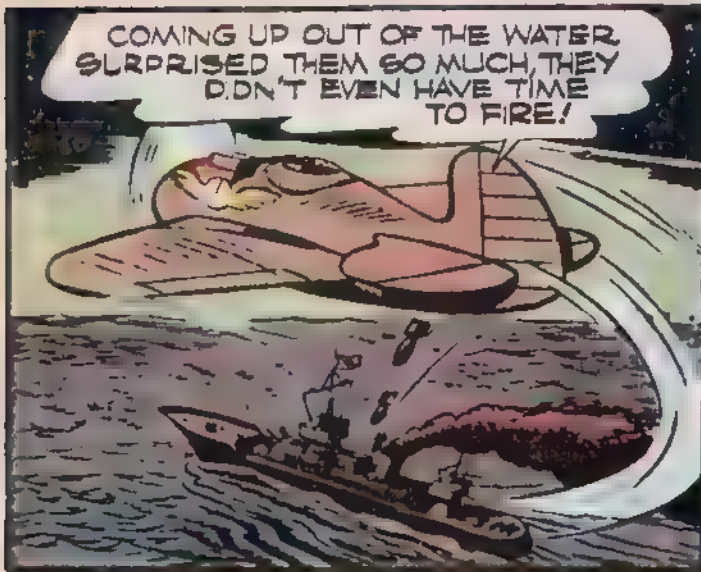
WHA---? HOW CAN AIRPLANE RISE OUT OF WATER LIKE SUBMARINE?

AND WITHIN SITS AN-OTHER PHANTOM---THE "DEAD" CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

AND NOW FOR A FEW CHOICE BOMBS WHERE IT'LL DO THE "LEAST" GOOD FOR THE JAPS!



COMING UP OUT OF THE WATER SURPRISED THEM SO MUCH, THEY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO FIRE!



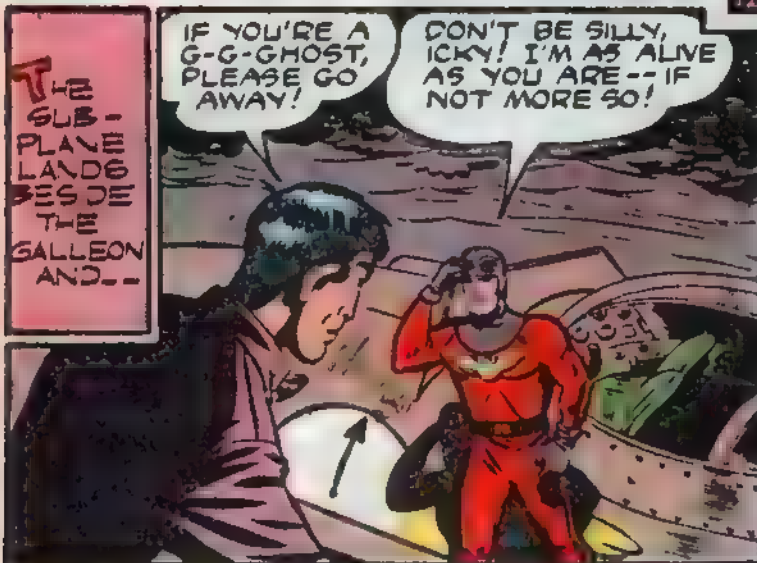
GOSH ALL F-FISHHOOKS! THAT'S THE SUB-PLANE! AND ONLY ONE GUY COULD BE PILOTING IT--- BUT HE'S DEAD!



THE SUB-PLANE LANDED BESIDE THE GALLEON AND--

IF YOU'RE A G-G-GHOST, PLEASE GO AWAY!

DON'T BE SILLY, ICKY! I'M AS ALIVE AS YOU ARE-- IF NOT MORE SO!



THE JAPS DIDN'T KNOW OF MY BELT KNIFE WHICH CUT MY ROPES! AND THE GLIDERCHUTE WHICH LANDED ME WITHOUT A SCRATCH! THEN I SIMPLY RUSHED TO THE SUB-PLANE AND GOT IN THE BATTLE!



AND WELL YOU DID, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! YOU SAVED PITCAIRN ISLAND! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST OF THE JAPS OURSELVES!

WE'LL SEND AN ALLIED FORCE HERE-- MR. TEMPLER-- TO HELP YOU AGAINST ANY MORE JAP LANDINGS! GOODBYE, SIR!



GOOD OLD SUB-PLANE! IT'LL SINK LOTS MORE JAP SHIPS! IF IT CAN'T GET 'EM FROM ABOVE, IT GETS 'EM FROM BELOW!

IN PLAIN WORDS---IT GETS 'EM!



BLOOD ON THE RISING SUN

BY J. J. MILLARD



RED SKYE
SCORCHER

They came in low over Tokyo, into the flaming fury of Japan's defenses—and then Red Skye saw a good landing place... on a Tokyo street!!!

THE BOMBERS were like great gray ghost-birds in the dim dawn light, and the thunder of their warming engines seemed to fill the universe. The carrier, tail to the dawn wind, rode heavily over the Pacific swell, the fresh white guide line along her flight deck pointing like an arrow toward Tokyo. Far astern, the signalman moved his flags, black against the faint dawn grayness of the horizon, and the leading bomber responded by pumping down its flaps. All was set for the takeoff.

In the third bomber, Red Skye took his hands from the plastic wheel and scrubbed their palms against his pants-legs, drying the cold perspiration. His eyes were slitted, his jaws lame from the unconscious clamping of his teeth.

Admiral Caldwell, whose task force had carried the bombers to within five hundred miles of the Jap coast, poked a tense, white face into the ship. "Good luck, gang. Give the yellow rats blazes for all of us."

The signalman moved his flags. Navy men ran for the nets, dragging heavy wheel-blocks. The lead bombers shook and thundered and suddenly began to move down the carrier's pitching deck, wobbling and slewing in the gusty wind. Red Skye felt the tension clawing at his stomach. Would they make it? Would any of them make it?

Then the bomber was in the air, climbing, circling

back, and Red felt his breath whoosh out in relief. He felt calm, now—more sure of himself. He watched the second bomber lumber down the deck and climb skyward without mishap. Then suddenly he was shoving the throttles, kicking off the brakes, feeling the struddering forward thrust of the released plane. The white line on the flight deck, marking the only clear path to the stern, began to unroll under the bomber's nose, and then it was gone and there was only water.

"Wow!!" Hoby Campbell, Red's co-pilot, yelled in his ear. "We made it!"

Red suddenly felt limp and shaky as he wheeled the bomber back, low across the carrier. "Yeah. We made it." The impossible had been done. An overloaded bomber, designed only for long take-offs, had been successfully pitched into the air from a carrier's deck.

To the north and south, other carriers were sending up their burdens. The dark sky seemed full of bombers, not waiting for formations but hitting it, tail-up, toward their distant targets. That was part of the plan—no thick formations, no wasted gas fiddling around for partners in the sky. Just head for Tokyo and keep going. Let the Japs waste ack-ack on lone targets, keep them guessing how long this deadly string of war-birds will keep pouring out of the sunrise.

Tommy Carson, bombardier, poked a grinning face up by Red's elbow, holding up a steaming thermos of coffee. "You earned it on that get-away, pal."

The bomber roared westward, skimming low over the waves to conserve gas and to foil the Jap detector systems.

The other planes had vanished into the dawn mists, all except that of Ted Kelly, Red's pal. They could see Kelly's bomber, a mile or so ahead, riding the wave-tops. And then, still further ahead, they could see a long black line, low on the horizon.

RED CLICKED the interphone. "There she is, gang—dead ahead." His eyes followed a row of tiny black smoke-puffs drifting slowly upward. "And it looks as though the first of the crowd was already there. They'll be ready for us with everything they've got."

The land rushed toward them and suddenly they were over Tokyo Bay, their destination dead ahead. Ted Kelly's crate was pulling away from them as he poured on the coal, setting himself for a bombing run down the pre-arranged slot. Red listened to the terse "Roger" from each crew-member of his own plane and settled himself, right ruddering a trifle to line the ship with their targets. During the planning of the flight, each group of bombers had been given definite lanes to follow so that when the flight was over, every military objective in Tokyo would have had either a bomb or a good scare.

Ahead, the air was full of flak and a few fighter planes darting helplessly. From a dozen points oily smoke crawled sluggishly skyward to mark a successful bomb-hit.

They were nearing Tokyo, now. The Bay was lined with junks and yachts. Red could see the long breakwater across the western mouth of the Sumida River, with a heavy freighter wallowing frantically out of the deep-water channel behind the light-house. Red's

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

course lay across the great Ishikawajima Dockyards, the freight yards across the river, then curving northward past the Meiji Shrine Garden and across the Shinjuku Palace to dump the last of his death-load on the vast military academy grounds and the artillery school.

They flashed across the great Ohshima Steel plant and suddenly a red light winked on the panel board. First bomb away—and no time to look back at results. Again the red light flashed and death screamed down toward one of the twin gas plants. A third time—and the Army Supply Depot on the river was the target. Off the Red's left the main building of the Meiji Plant opened like a rotten melon to gush smoke and flame. To his right, oil tanks above Asakusa Park were painting the sky with crimson smoke.

The bomber bucked and rocked to the flak-poured up. Behind Red, machine guns chattered and a Zero cut past the nose, trailing smoke. But there was no time to look or worry. Red's whole job was to hold course and wait for the target for that fourth and last bomb—the incendiary "basket" that would finish their bombing.

Then he saw the inevitable happen. Up ahead, Ted Kelly's bomber fell off on one wing, trailing flame and smoke. One wing, shredded by a cannon shell, flapped dangerously. Red's eyes were thin, his lips tight. Someone clicked on the interphone, then clicked it off again. There was nothing to say. They were watching Ted do a superb job of setting the big ship down, right-side up, on a stretch of wider street flanking a small park. And in every man's mind was a picture of what the Japs had done to those other Yank fliers who had bombed Tokyo and been caught.

They flashed past the downed bomber and then sud-

denly Red was kicking their own crate over, banking steeply.

"What th...???" Campbell gaped at him.

"I'm going after those boys," Red said tightly, jockeying the controls. "If they can land there, we can—and get off again. I'm not leaving them behind for the Japs to practice on." He snapped the phone switch. "Man your guns. We're going down."

It was characteristic of the men—and of the high confidence they had in Red Skye—that not a question was asked. If there was any answer, it was the burst of machine gun fire that swept the sides of the street below, as a warning to rash Japs. Then the bomber was swinging down, wind whistling through flak-holes in body and wings, wheels feeling for the cobbled street.

SUBCONSCIOUSLY Red knew that hand-arms were firing at them as they stopped, and that bursts from his own guns were silencing those arms. But his whole conscious mind was centered on the landing and on the dishevelled group that burst suddenly from the burning plane ahead. They were running furiously toward him, half-supporting one wounded gunner—and each man was carrying a ten-gallon can of spare gas from their own reserve. Seeing it, Red grinned and flipped the bomber into a half-turn, swinging the open door toward the runners.

The machine guns were yammering steadily now, and slugs were answering, thudding through the bomber, but louder than all these noises was the ragged cheering of his crew and the triumphant shout of "take her away, Red!"

"You'll never make it," Campbell said, knuckles white on his clenched flats as Red turned the big ship into the wind. "The street's too short for a takeoff run—shorter even than the carrier deck. Beyond that, your wings will brush

and we'll fold up against those houses."

Red grinned, his eyes dancing. "Did you ever see a Japanese house?"

The engines thundered. The bomber surged ahead, picking up speed. The narrower neck of the street was just ahead. Campbell threw his hands over his eyes. The wings of the bomber swept on and touched the first tight-packed houses. There was a splintering crash, a shudder through the bomber.

And then they were in the air, climbing, looking back on two rows of Japan's tissue-paper houses laid flat by the brushing wings and hurricane wind of the bomber's takeoff. It was the factor Red had gambled on—that the thin houses would not offer enough resistance to wreck the big plane on the takeoff—and he had won.

Almost automatically he was guiding the bomber back on course, laying the run across Shinjuku Palace toward his last target. On his dashboard, the last red light flicked on. Bomb away!! A "Molotov Breadbasket" for Tojo's future generals. Let the fires burn long!!

Behind him, a ragged cheer lifted above the engine song. Red turned and saw the flames and smoke rising. Then he looked into the plane itself and saw the rescued men hunched around, grinning. Ted Kelly himself, his right hand bandaged, his face scorched and smoke-blackened, grinned at him and made the V-sign with his left hand.

Red grinned back, answered the sign and settled himself into his seat. It was a good day's work done. There might be trouble ahead but the Japs could never undo this bit of triumph.

Red laughed exultantly. "China, here we come."

Red Skye's on his way into the thick of it! Don't miss next month's installment!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

THE CULT OF DEATH!

HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO IN BRITAIN, THE ANCIENT ORDER OF THE DRUIDS REIGNED SUPREME. TODAY, GREAT STONE TEMPLES STILL STAND WHERE THEY MADE HUMAN SACRIFICES. "THE DEAD RETURN!" — THAT WAS THEIR BELIEF. WERE THEY RIGHT? CAPT. MIDNIGHT WONDERS ABOUT THE CULT OF DEATH AND THE WORKINGS OF THE UNKNOWN IN HIS NEWEST ADVENTURE!



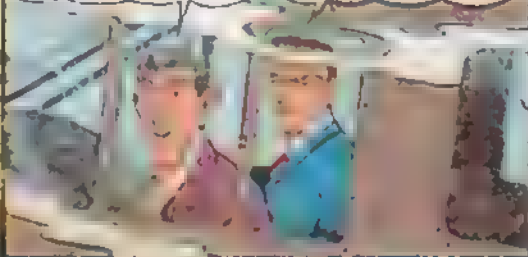
FAMED INVENTOR CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT IS ON HIS WAY TO LONDON AS A TECHNICAL OBSERVER. WITH HIS ASSISTANT, ICHABOD MUDD.

GOSH, CAP, WHATTA FOG! IT'S LUCKY WE DON'T HAVE TO BE IN LONDON TILL MORNIN'; CAUSE WE'RE OFF OUR COURSE!

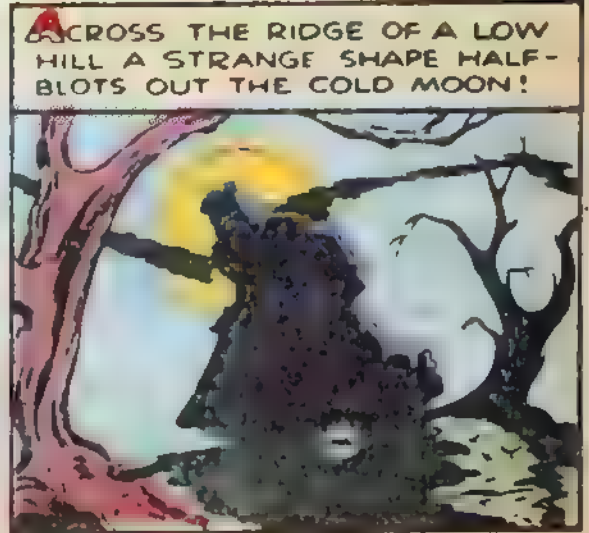
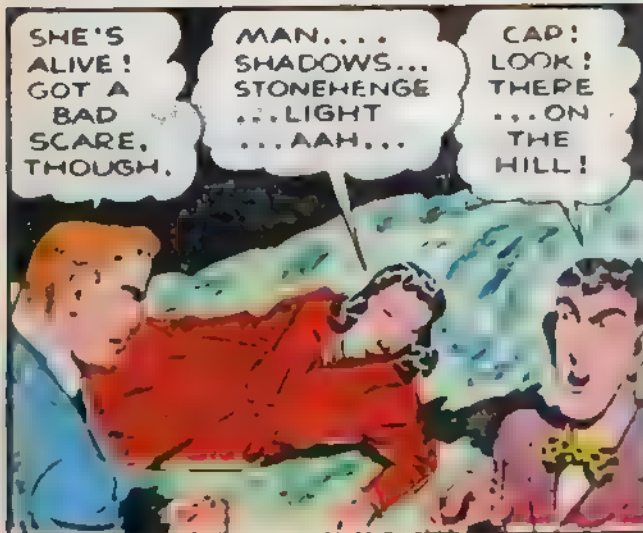
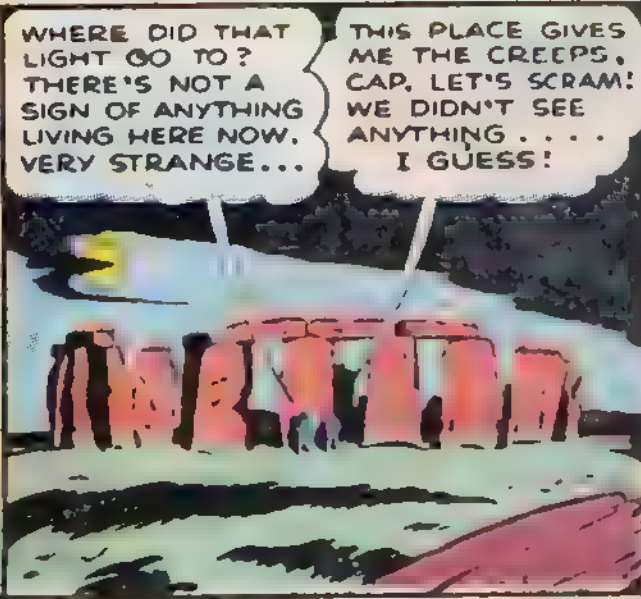
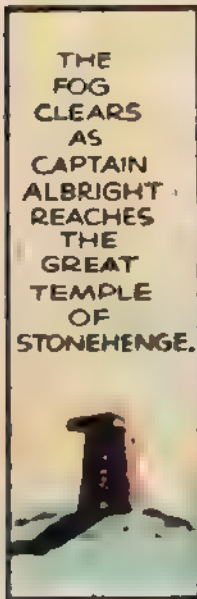
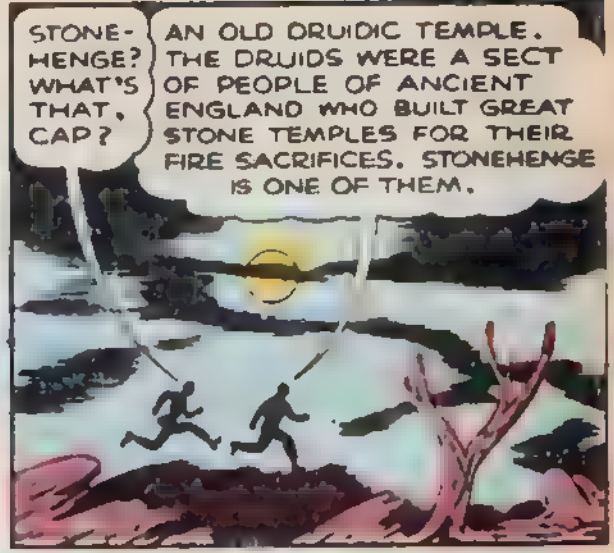
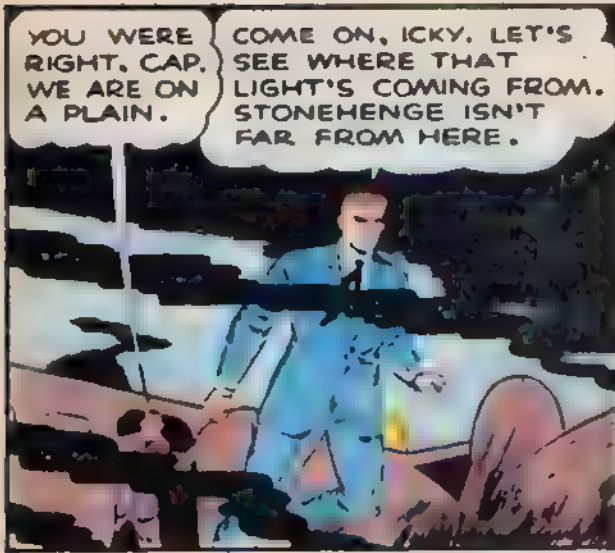
RIGHT, ICKY, BUT WE OUGHT TO BE OVER THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE. I'LL SET HER DOWN IN A FIELD TILL THE FOG CLEARS.

SAY. . . THAT LOOKS LIKE A LIGHT IN THE DISTANCE. SOMETHING BURNING...

BY MY RECKONING WE OUGHT TO BE ON SALISBURY PLAIN, AND THAT LIGHT'S COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF STONEHENGE. THAT'S STRANGE.



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

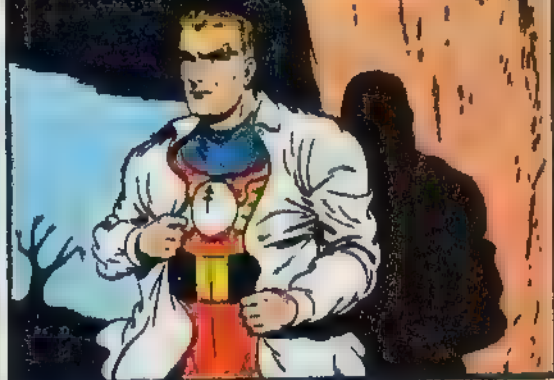


ICKY, TAKE HER TO THE PLANE. I'VE MY COMPLETE HOSPITAL KIT THERE. I'LL JOIN YOU LATER. . . AFTER I FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON HERE.

OKAY, CAP. I'LL WAIT THERE UNTIL YOU COME.

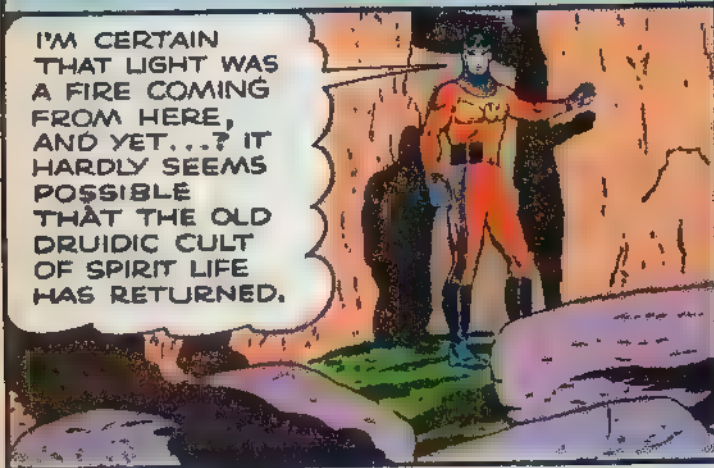


NOW, TO GET AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS THING. I'VE ONLY AN HOUR TILL DAWN TO FIND THE ANSWER.

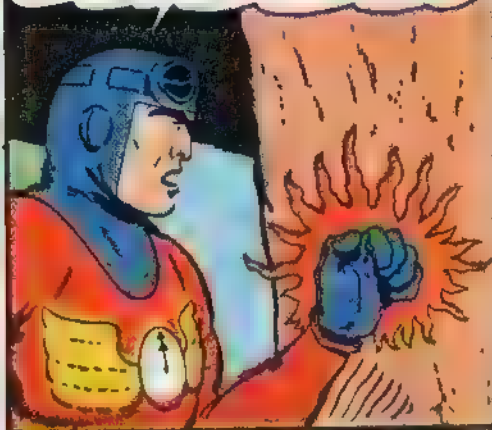


A CHANGE OF COSTUME, AND . . . THE GREAT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT !!!

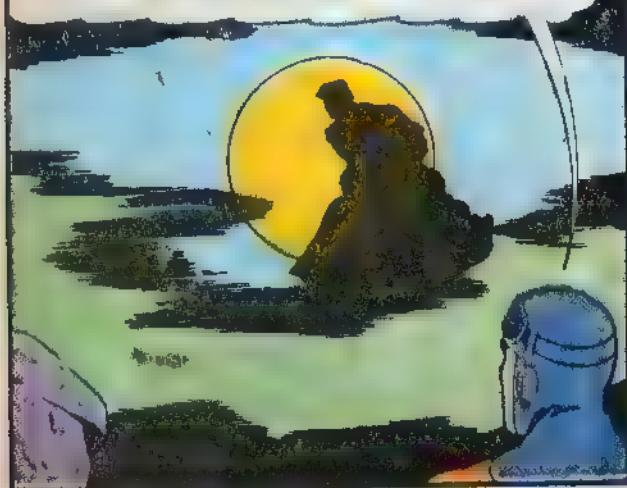
I'M CERTAIN THAT LIGHT WAS A FIRE COMING FROM HERE, AND YET . . . ? IT HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE THAT THE OLD DRUIDIC CULT OF SPIRIT LIFE HAS RETURNED.



OUCH! SAY . . . THAT STONE'S RED HOT! THAT MEANS THERE WAS A FIRE HERE!



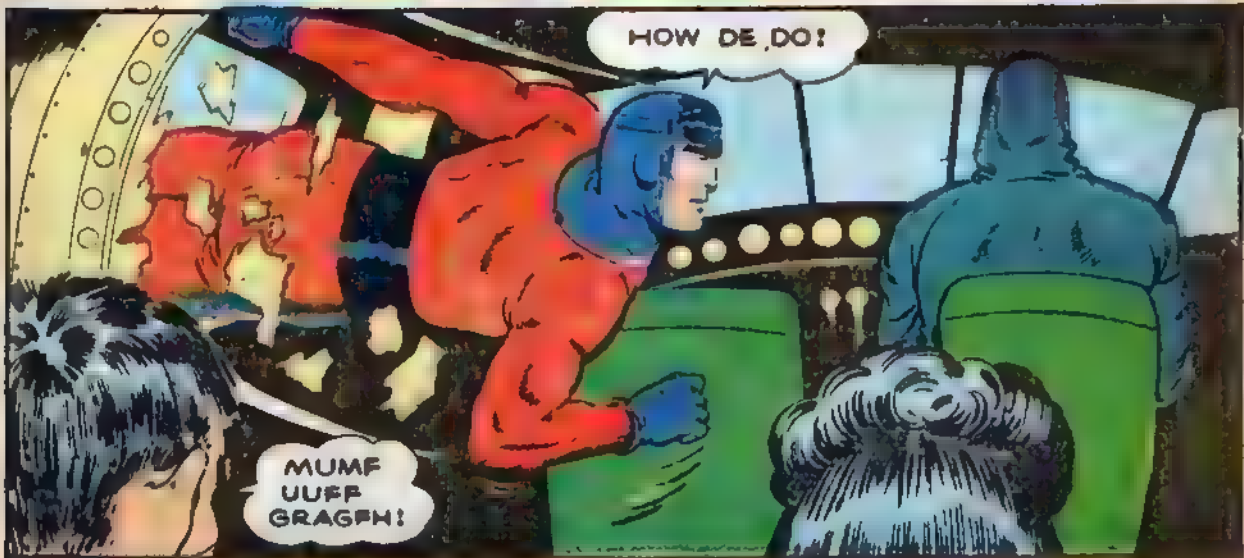
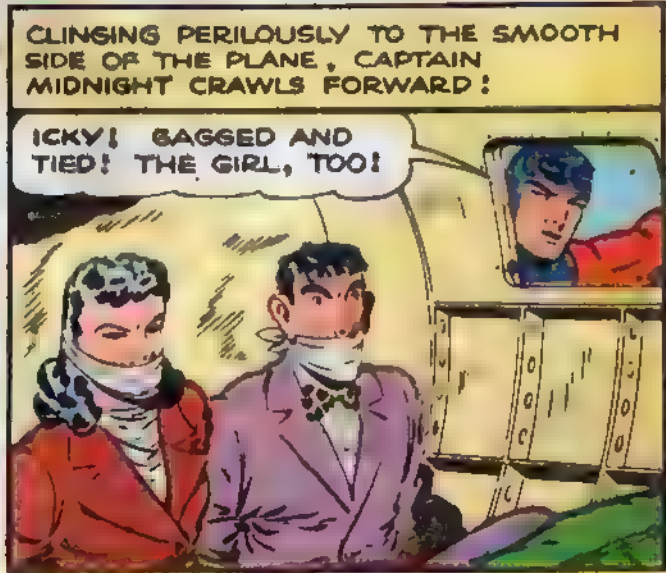
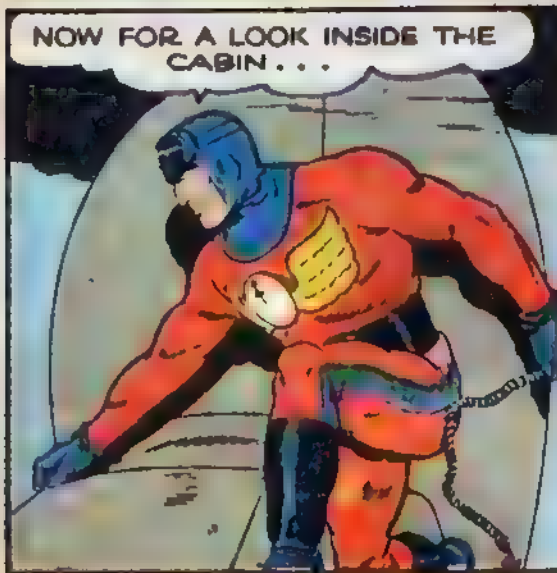
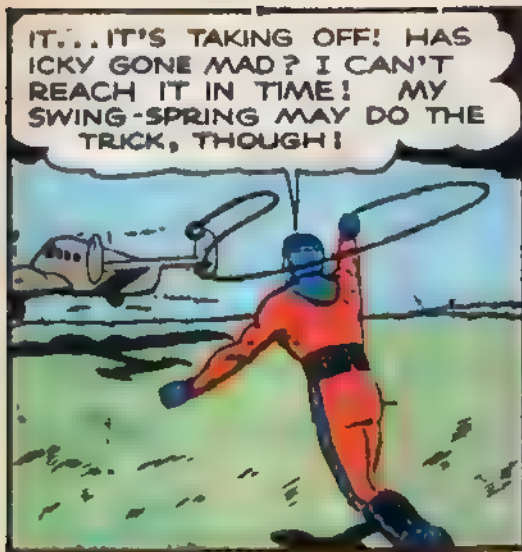
THAT CLOUD . . . , THE SAME SHAPE THAT RAN ACROSS THE HILL. THIS THING HAS ME STUMPED!

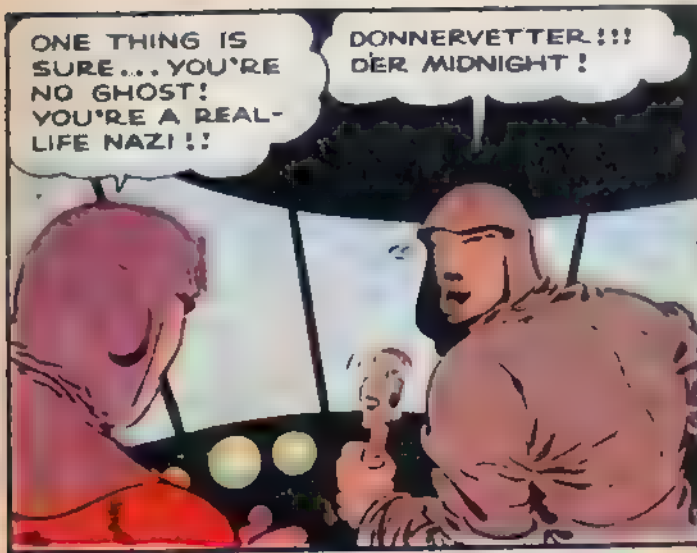


SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF A MOTOR REACHES ACROSS THE PLAIN.

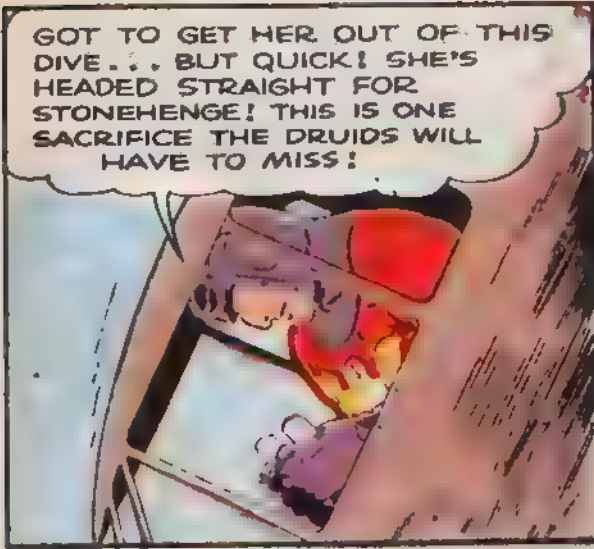
IT'S GETTING LIGHTER, AND I HAVEN'T FOUND OUT A THING! WHAT IN BLAZES . . . ? THAT'S THE MOTOR OF MY PLANE!



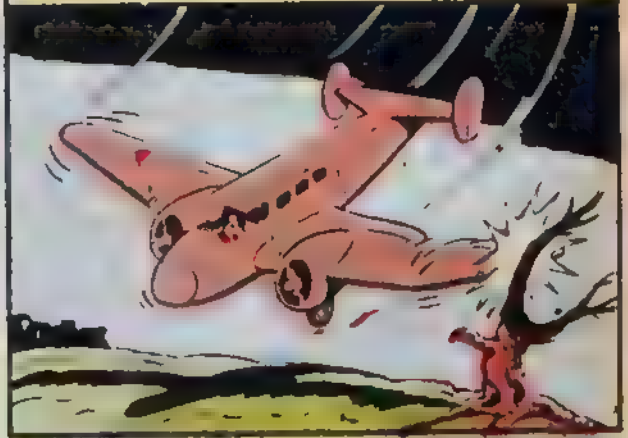




GOT TO GET HER OUT OF THIS DIVE... BUT QUICK! SHE'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR STONEHENGE! THIS IS ONE SACRIFICE THE DRUIDS WILL HAVE TO MISS!

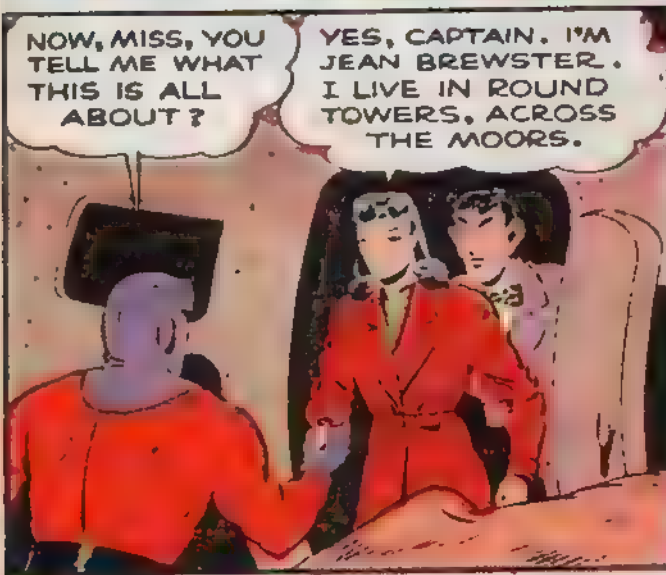


QUICK WORK AVERTS A SERIOUS ACCIDENT AS MIDNIGHT CRASH- LANDS THE BEECHCRAFT 18!



NOW, MISS, YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

YES, CAPTAIN. I'M JEAN BREWSTER. I LIVE IN ROUND TOWERS, ACROSS THE MOORS.



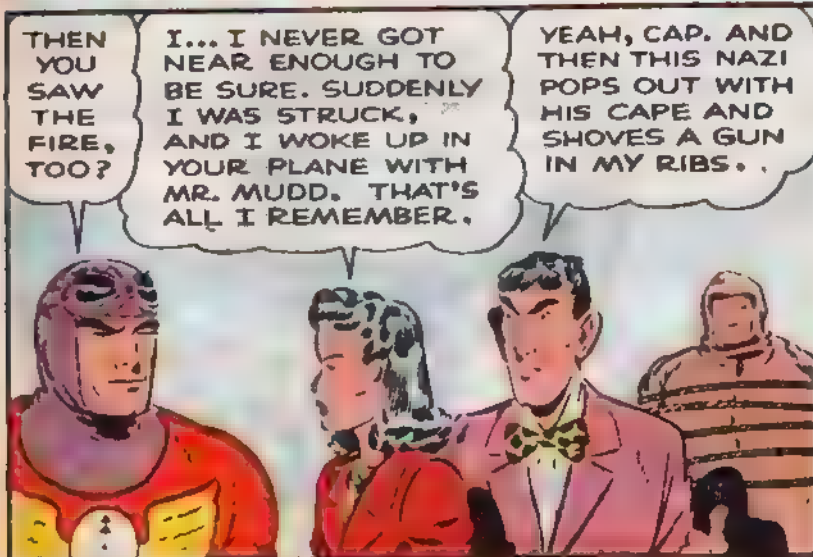
LAST NIGHT I SAW WHAT LOOKED LIKE A FIRE COMING FROM STONEHENGE AND I WENT TO INVESTIGATE.



THEN YOU SAW THE FIRE, TOO?

I... I NEVER GOT NEAR ENOUGH TO BE SURE. SUDDENLY I WAS STRUCK, AND I WOKE UP IN YOUR PLANE WITH MR. MUDD. THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER.

YEAH, CAP. AND THEN THIS NAZI POPS OUT WITH HIS CAPE AND SHOVS A GUN IN MY RIBS.



HERE COMES A CAR ACROSS THE PLAIN. WHO CAN THAT BE?



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

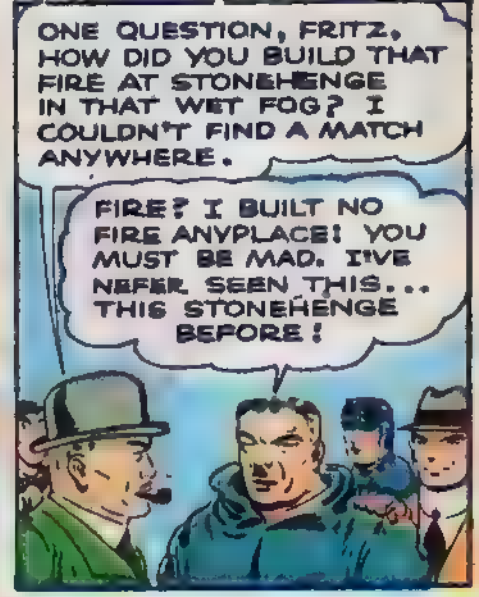


INSPECTOR DODGE,
SCOTLAND YARD.
WELL BLIMEY, IT'S
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
YOUR PLANE WAS
SEEN CRASHING.
WE GOT THE REPORT
BY PHONE.



I'VE A PRESENT
FOR YOU,
INSPECTOR.

WONDERFUL
WORK, CAPTAIN.
WE'VE BEEN
AFTER THIS
MAN. HE'S AN
ESCAPED GERMAN
FLIER.

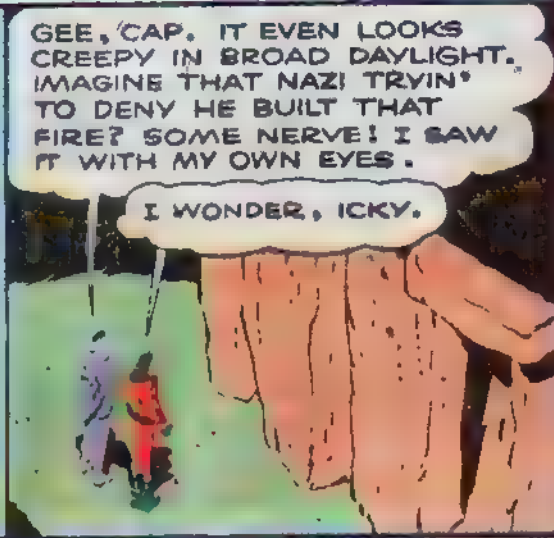


ONE QUESTION, FRITZ,
HOW DID YOU BUILD THAT
FIRE AT STONEHENGE
IN THAT WET FOG? I
COULDN'T FIND A MATCH
ANYWHERE.

FIRE? I BUILT NO
FIRE ANYPLACE! YOU
MUST BE MAD. I'VE
NEVER SEEN THIS...
THIS STONEHENGE
BEFORE!



LATER,
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT
AND ICKY
TAKE
ANOTHER
LOOK AT
THE OLD
DRUIDIC
TEMPLE.



GEE, CAP. IT EVEN LOOKS
CREEPY IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.
IMAGINE THAT NAZI TRYIN'
TO DENY HE BUILT THAT
FIRE? SOME NERVE! I SAW
IT WITH MY OWN EYES.

I WONDER, ICKY.



YOU MEAN HE DIDN'T
BUILD THE FIRE---IT
MIGHT HAVE BEEN DRUIDS
COME BACK TO LIFE?

WHO CAN TELL, ICKY?
I WISH I KNEW.



HONEST, PALS, HE'S
SENSATIONAL!

WHO'S CAPTAIN MARVEL TALKING ABOUT?--

RADAR

THE INTERNATIONAL POLICEMAN!

A NEW AND DIFFERENT CHARACTER WHOSE
ADVENTURES START IN

CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES NO. 25 FOR MAY.

DON'T MISS **RADAR**! YOU'VE NEVER
MET A HERO LIKE HIM!

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW.... 10¢

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

AND THE
DEVIL'S
DESK!



FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS, MEN CALLED IT "THE DEVIL'S DESK"--- THIS MILE-HIGH PLATEAU OF SINISTER ROCK THAT TOWERED OVER THE WESTERN PLAINS!! NO LIVING THING HAD EVER CLIMBED ITS SHEER SIDES -- NO AIRPLANE COULD SURVIVE THE FURY OF BOILING AIR CURRENTS SWEEPING CONSTANTLY AROUND IT! YET OVERNIGHT A STRANGE, WEIRD CITY ROSE UPON ITS PEAK--- AND ONLY CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DARED GUESS THE TERRIBLE TRUTH!!

STRANGE NEWS REACHES THE NEVADA LABORATORY OF FAMED INVENTOR CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!

CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THIS - BUT HE'S BEEN LOCKED IN THERE, WORKING ON HIS INVENTION, FOR TWO DAYS!

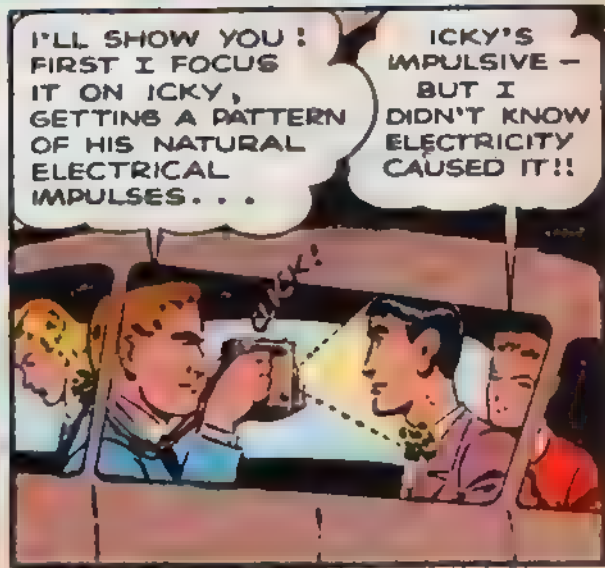
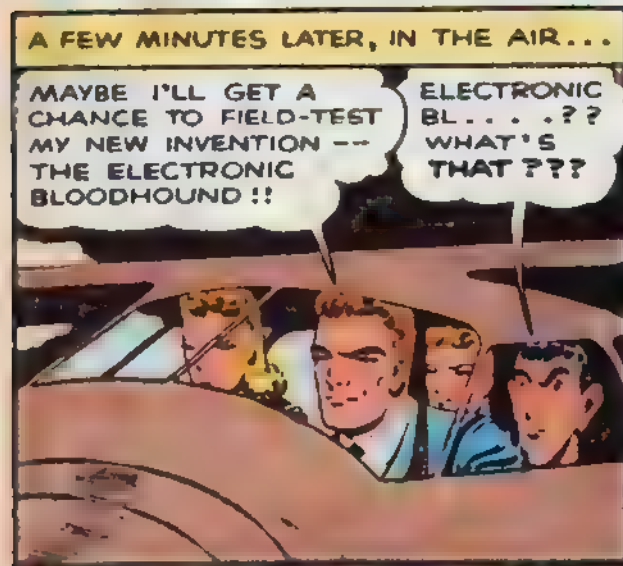
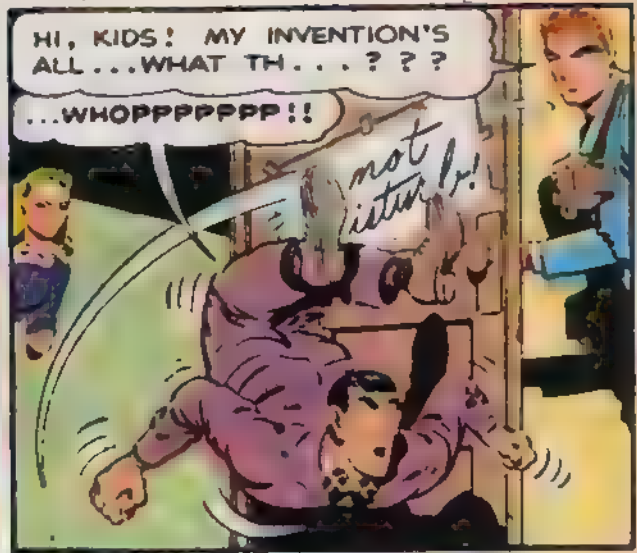
WE'D BETTER NOT DISTURB HIM! BESIDES, THE DOOR IS LOCKED...



ONE SIDE, CHILDREN!! CAP'LL WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS MYSTERY CITY-AND I'M THE GUY TO TELL HIM!!

ICHABOD MUDD, YOU'RE HEADING FOR TROUBLE AGAIN - AS USUAL!!

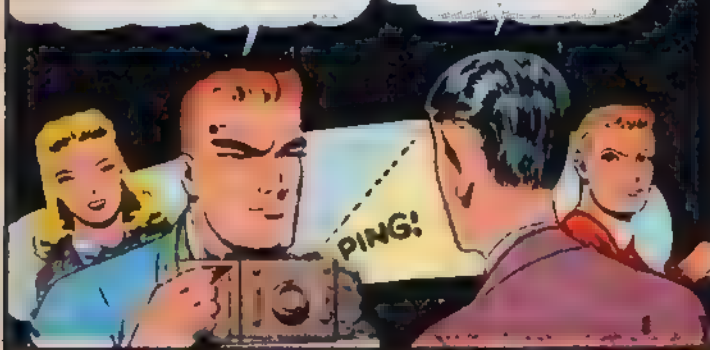




CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

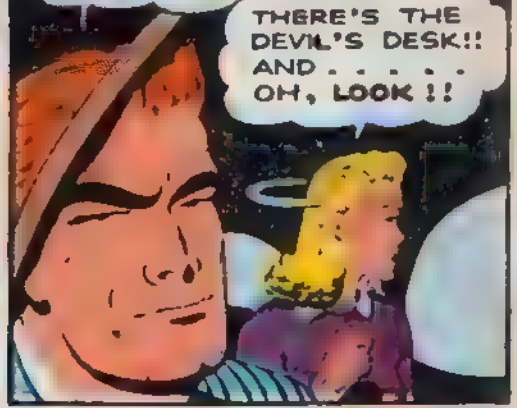
NOW, EVEN IF ICKY DISGUISED HIMSELF, THE MACHINE WOULD ALWAYS FIND HIM AND SIGNAL ITS OPERATOR!! SEE??

HUH??: JUST SO IT DOESN'T TAKE AN ELECTRONIC BITE OUTA THE SEAT OF MY PANTS!!



I'M DONATING THE INVENTION TO THE F.B.I. TO USE IN CATCHING SPIES

THERE'S THE DEVIL'S DESK!! AND OH, LOOK !!



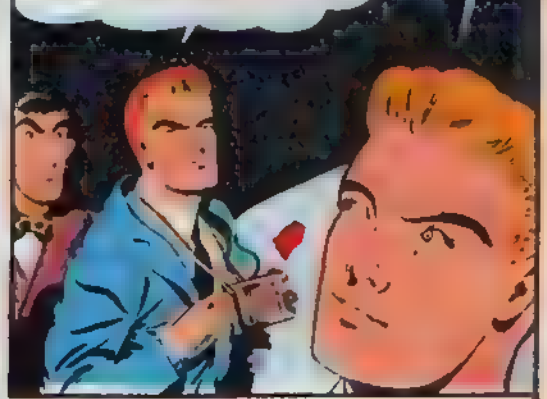
IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY HUMAN CONSTRUCTION!!! CAN'T WE FLY CLOSER, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT??

NOT A CHANCE, JOYCE...



PLANES HAVE BEEN WRECKED TRYING TO FLY THROUGH THAT MAELSTROM OF WIND THAT POURS OVER THE DEVIL'S DESK CONSTANTLY!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



A
LIGHTNING
CHANGE
FROM
MEEK
CAPTAIN
ALBRIGHT
TO
MIGHTY
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!

I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET THROUGH WITH MY GLIDERCHUTE !! TAKE CARE OF MY INVENTION. I CAN'T RISK SMASHING IT ON THOSE ROCKS!

BUT CAP, ISN'T YOUR BODY WORTH AS MUCH AS THAT GADGET??



ON THE WINGS OF THE GLIDERCHUTE - ANOTHER ALBRIGHT INVENTION !!

I MAY BE ABLE TO FIND AN UPDRAFT SMOOTH ENOUGH TO CARRY ME ONTO THE ROCK!



WHOEVER BUILT THAT SCREWY CITY IS UP TO NO GOOD! AND HOW DID THEY GET UP THERE WITH ALL THEIR BUILDING MATERIALS ???



WOW! THERE MUST BE A NINETY-MILE GALE BOILING UP HERE ALL THE TIME...



LOOK! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S OUT OF CONTROL!! HE'S FALLING...

AND LOOK OVER ON THE DEVIL'S DESK - BY THAT CRAZY BUILDING...



A MAN JUST CAME OUT! HE'S STANDING THERE, WATCHING CAP FALL!!

I SEE HIM!! QUICK-TURN THE ELECTRONIC BLOODHOUND ON HIM!!



THERE! IF THIS THING EVER GOES PING! SOME DAY IN A CROWD --- I'LL JUST START PUNCHING!!

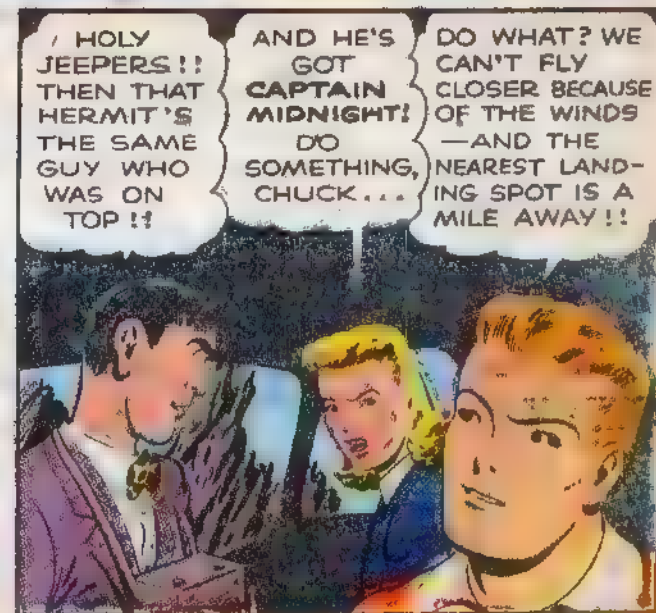
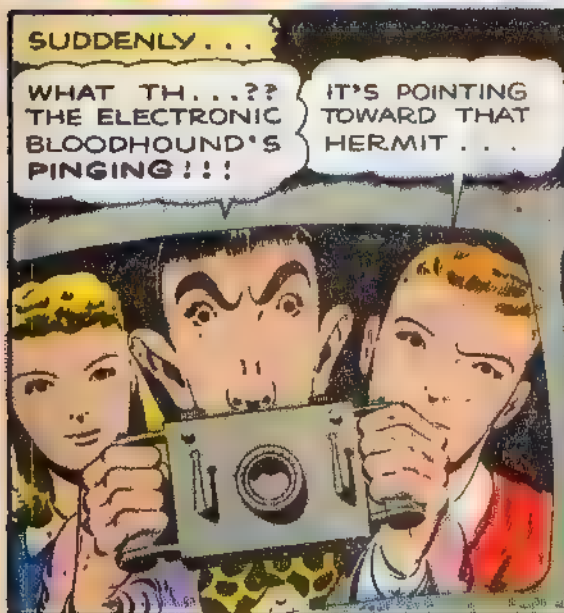
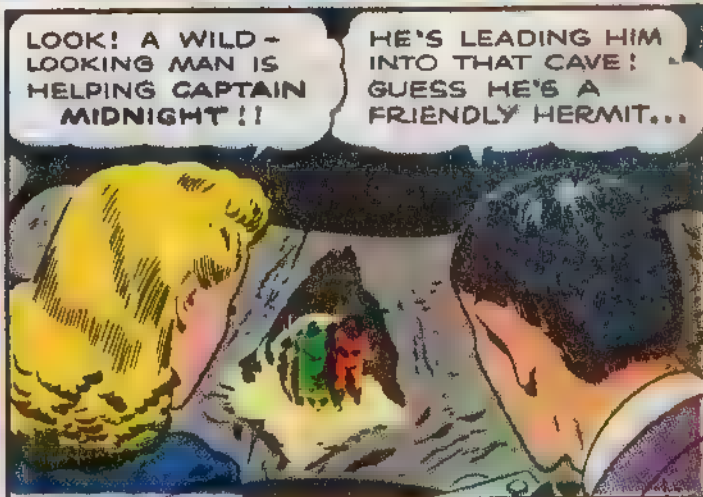


MEANWHILE...

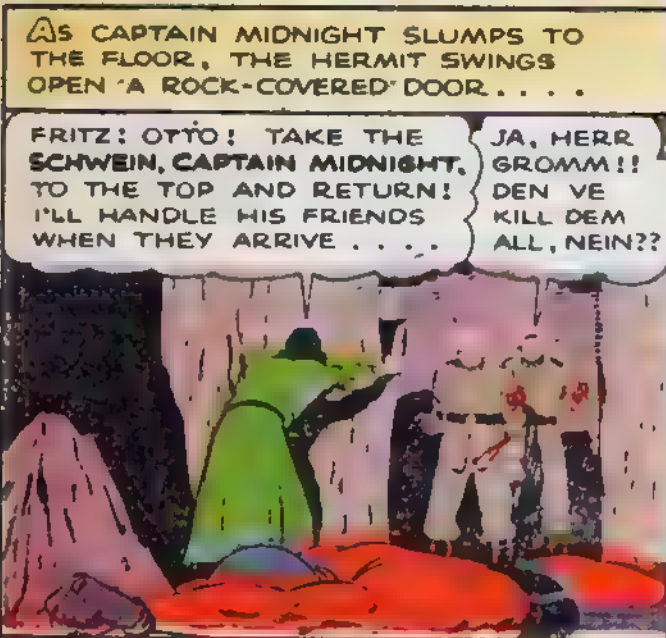
I'M HELPLESS!! THESE AIR CURRENTS TEAR IN FROM SUCH CRAZY ANGLES I CAN'T KEEP LEVEL TO USE MY GLIDERCHUTE!!

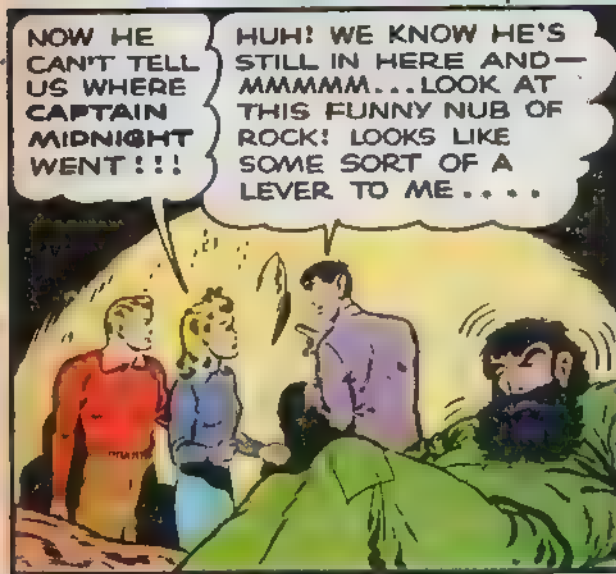
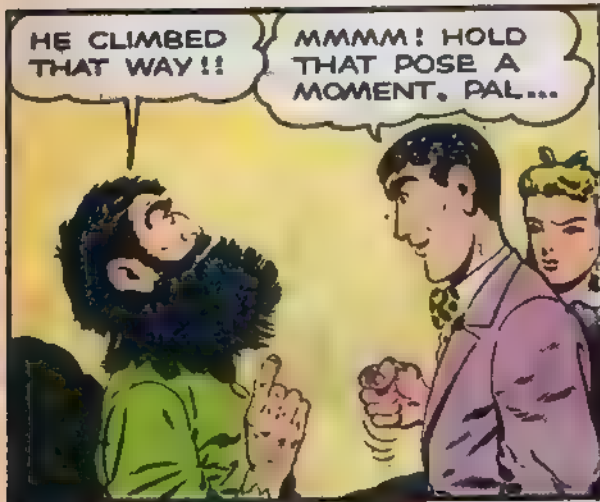
I'M GOING TO CRASH...





CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





Joyce, Chuck, and Icky are herded into an elevator at the end of the cave. Meanwhile, Gromm has removed his hermit's robes, exposing his Nazi garb!

WHAT TH... THE WHOLE INSIDE OF THE DEVIL'S DESK IS HOLLOW! THAT'S HOW THEY GOT ON TOP!!

OF COURSE!! WE HAVE WORKED ON THIS PROJECT SECRETLY SINCE BEFORE AMERICA ENTERED THE WAR!!

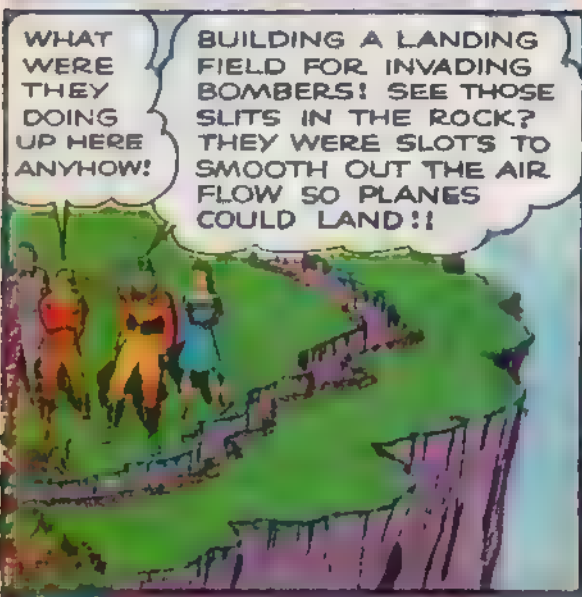
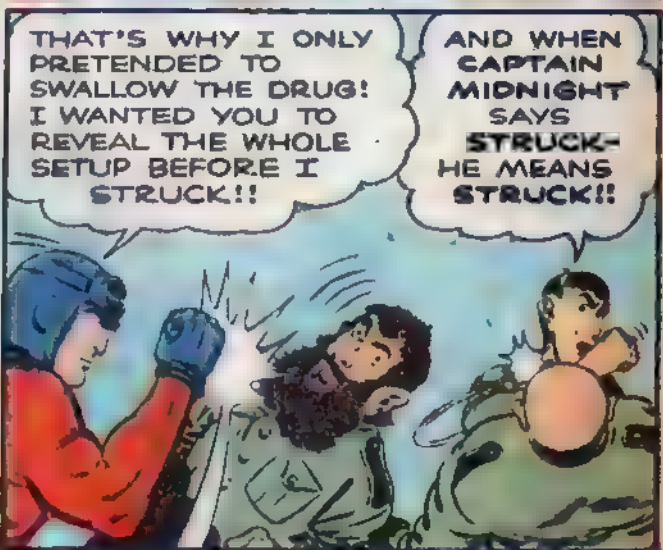
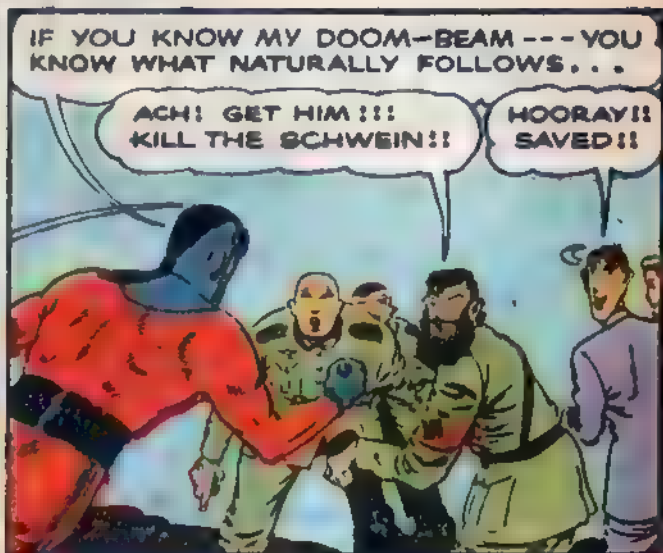


MARCH THEM FORWARD—STRAIGHT OFF THE EDGE! WE'LL DEAL WITH CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WHEN HE AWAKENS!!!

GOOT! DEN VE DO NOT HAFF DESE SCHWEIN UNDER FOOT!! GEDT GOING!!

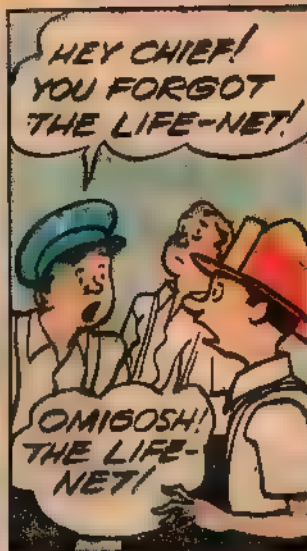
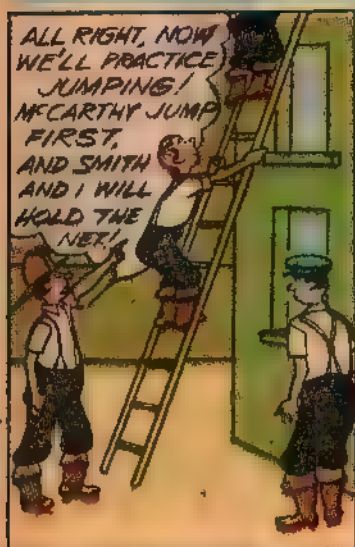
THAT'S COLD-BLOODED MURDER!



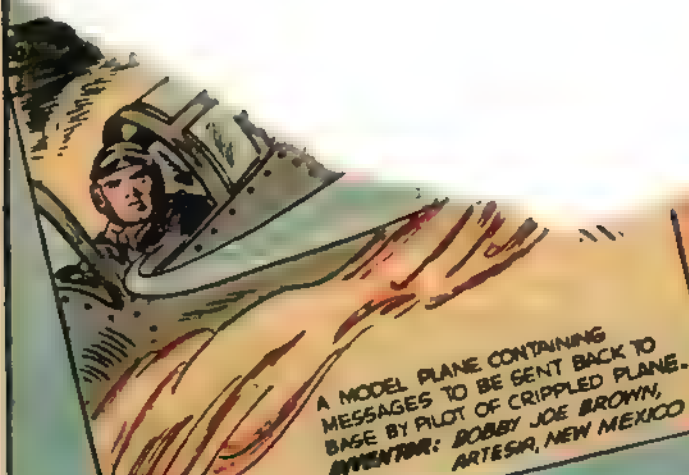


Chief McARSO

(HE KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS)



we present some of
We're sorry not to be
them all every month.



A MODEL PLANE CONTAINING
MESSAGES TO BE SENT BACK TO
BASE BY PILOT OF CRIPPLED PLANE.
INVENTOR: BOBBY JOE BROWN,
ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO

MAGNETIC BALLS TO
ATTRACT ANTI-AIRCRAFT
SHELLS AND
DETONATE THEM
HARMLESSLY.
INVENTOR:
WILLARD VOSEINE,
FORT KENT,
MAINE.



A CONVERTIBLE GUN WHICH COULD FIRE BOTH AS A RIFLE AND AS A
SUB-MACHINE GUN. INVENTOR: HAROLD LEE WATERS, JACKSONVILLE, N.C.



A PUMP FOR LEAKY ROW-
BOATS THAT WILL BAIL OUT
THE BOAT AS YOU ROW.
INVENTOR: NORMAN EZELL,
PASCAGOULA, MISS.

A LOW MOTOR-DRIVEN
MACHINE-GUN CARRIER
FOR ATTACKING
TROOPS.

INVENTOR: DON YONDEE,
109 W. 225 ST.,
NEW YORK, N.Y.



Captain Midnight personally reads every idea sent to him and he sends FREE to every contributor,
whether your idea is printed or not, A CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT PATENT CARD.

SEND IN YOUR IDEAS—FOR THE WAR OR FOR THE HOME FRONT!

If you have an idea for inventions to be used in war or peace, send it to Captain Midnight. He'll send you a Patent Card FREE.



A REAR CANNON TO DEMOLISH
PLANES WHICH GET ON YOUR TAIL.
INVENTOR: LAMAR ESTERLING,
NEW CANAAN AVE.,
NORWALK, CONN.



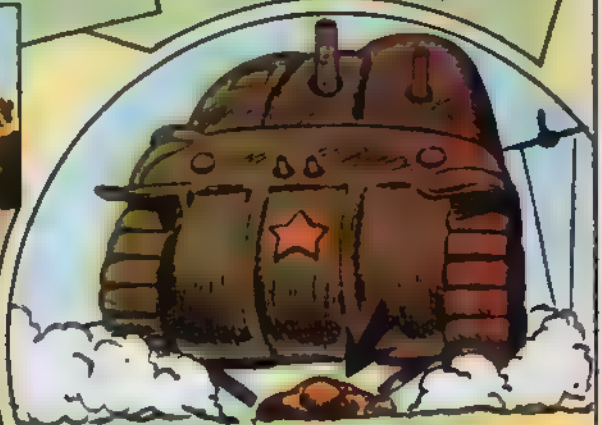
MOVABLE-BELT SIDEWALKS, IN ALTERNATING
PAIRS, TO CONVEY PEDESTRIANS.
INVENTOR: JIM OLLIVIER,
2032 CALUMET AVE.,
TOLEDO, 7, OHIO



TO PUSH
DOWN WEEDS
WEED
CUTTER
A SWAMP CAR WITH A
WEED CUTTER.
INVENTOR: DICK ABERNETHY,
865 DEERFIELD ROAD,
DEERFIELD,
ILLINOIS



AN AUTOMATIC SEMAPHORE DEVICE FOR
SAFE SIGNALING UNDER FIRE.
INVENTOR: RICHARD BORMETT
209 S. RANDALL AVE., MADISON, WISC.



A TRAP DOOR IN BOTTOM OF TANKS TO EN-
ABLE WOUNDED MEN TO BE PICKED UP UNDER FIRE.
INVENTOR: DALE KROESER, STERLING, CALIF.

Captain Midnight's waiting to see YOUR invention. Send it in a letter or a postcard to Captain Mid-
night, 49 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. Then watch for it to appear here.



FROM THE TERRIBLE TERROR OF NAZI PLUGES THE PEOPLE OF EUROPE FLEE TO SAFETY AND FREEDOM. BUT CAGEY MONSTERS WANT BLOOD MONEY FROM THE REFUGEES UNTIL **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT** CRACKS DOWN ON THE MERCHANTS OF EVIL!

IN HIS GREAT LABORATORY IN THE WEST BAMED ADVENTIVE GENIUS CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT IS HARD AT WORK WHEN

THE DOORBELL RING AT THE LATE HOUR TOO WHO COULD IT BE?

I'LL GET IT CAD! MAYBE IT'S A MISTAKE!



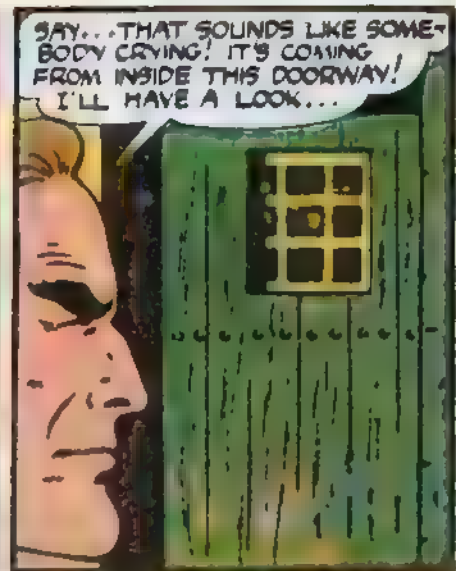
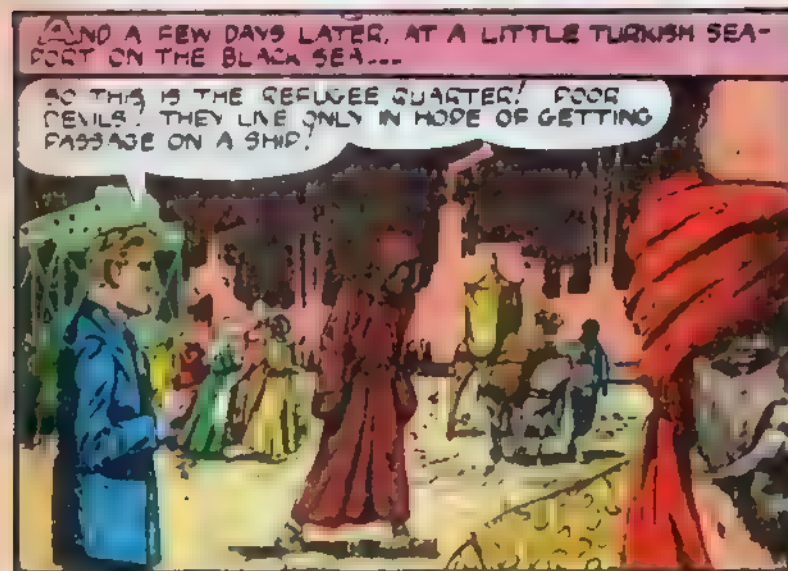
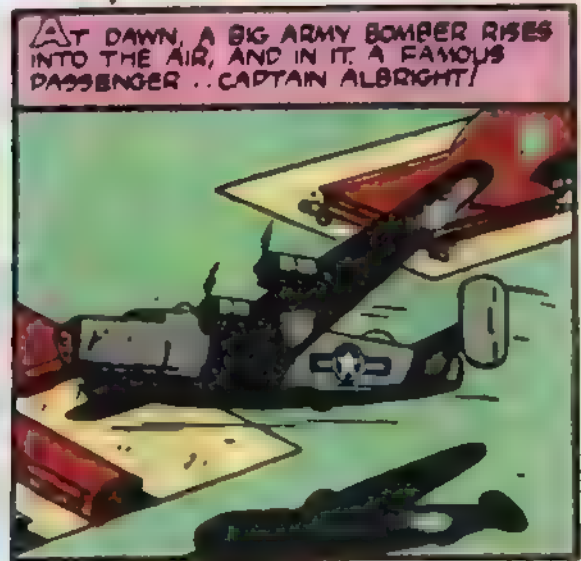
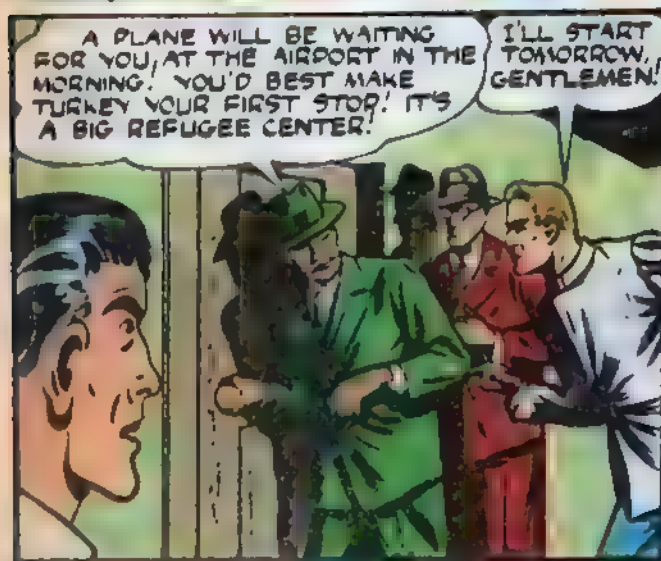
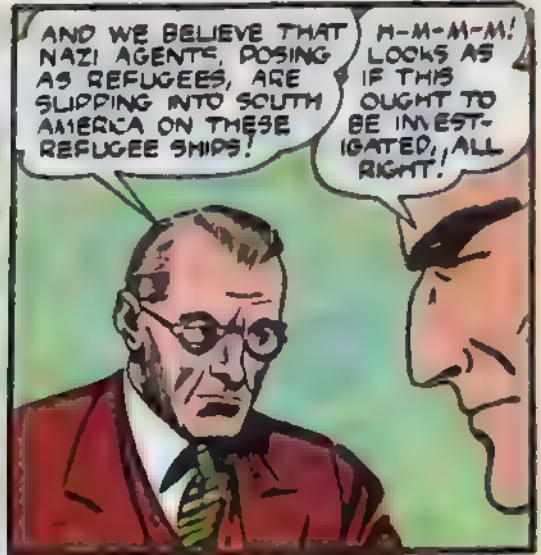
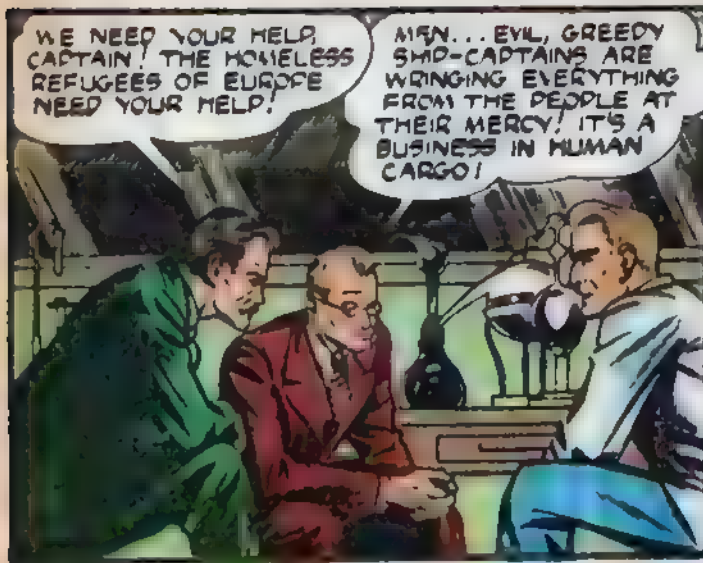
IT'S MR. SIMON OF THE REFUGEE COMMITTEE, AND...

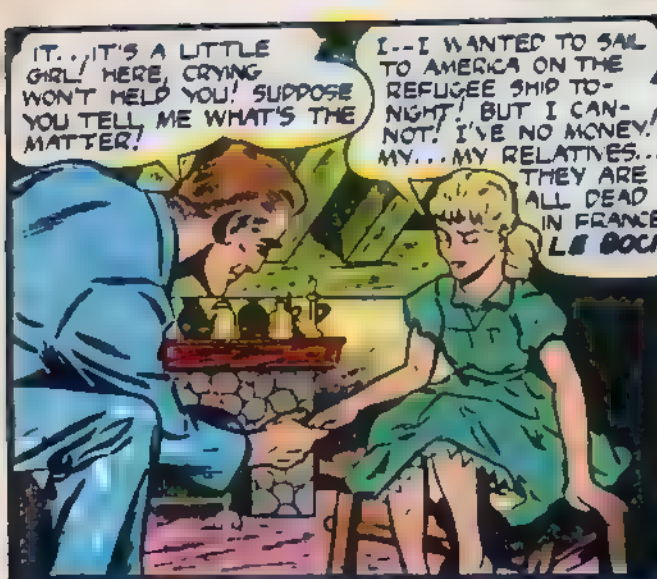
AND THE STATE DEPARTMENT REPRESENTATIVE, I AM HONORED GENTLEMEN!

GLAD YOU'RE HOME, CAPTAIN! WE FLEW OUT ON THE EIGHT O'CLOCK PLANE!



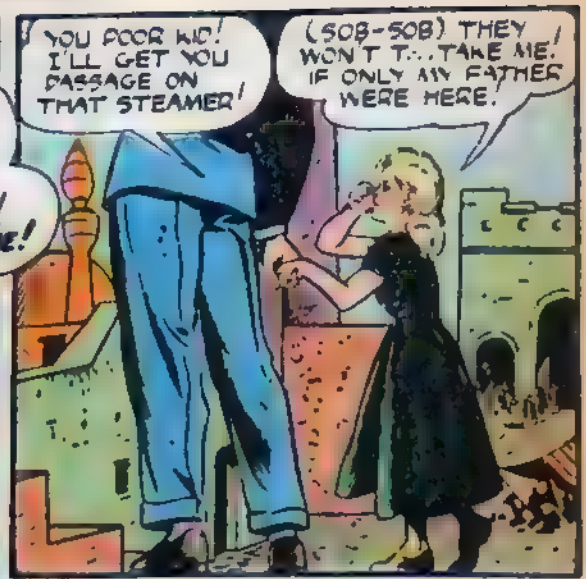
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





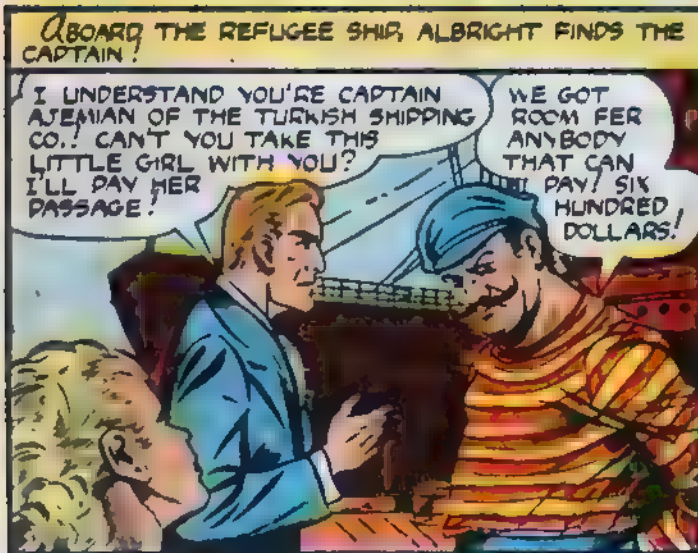
IT...IT'S A LITTLE GIRL! HERE, CRYING WON'T HELP YOU! SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I--I WANTED TO SAIL TO AMERICA ON THE REFUGEE SHIP TO-NIGHT! BUT I CAN-NOT! I'VE NO MONEY! MY...MY RELATIVES... THEY ARE ALL DEAD! IN FRANCE. **LE BOCHNE!**



YOU POOR KID! I'LL GET YOU PASSAGE ON THAT STEAMER!

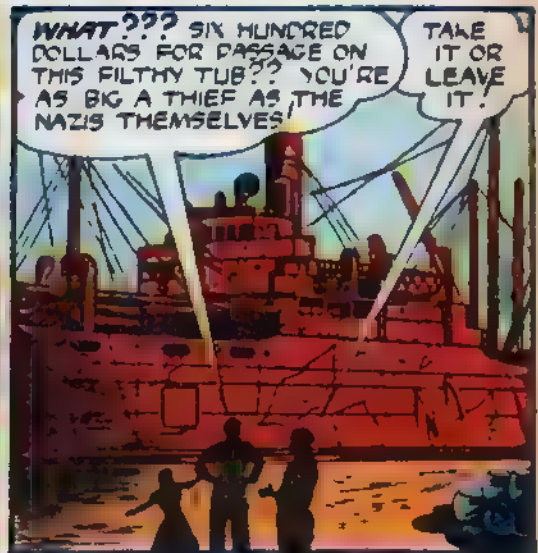
(SOB-SOB) THEY WON'T TAKE ME! IF ONLY MY FATHER WERE HERE.



ABOARD THE REFUGEE SHIP, ALBRIGHT FINDS THE CAPTAIN!

I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE CAPTAIN AJEMIAN OF THE TURKISH SHIPPING CO.! CAN'T YOU TAKE THIS LITTLE GIRL WITH YOU? I'LL PAY HER PASSAGE!

WE GOT ROOM FER ANYBODY THAT CAN PAY! SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS!



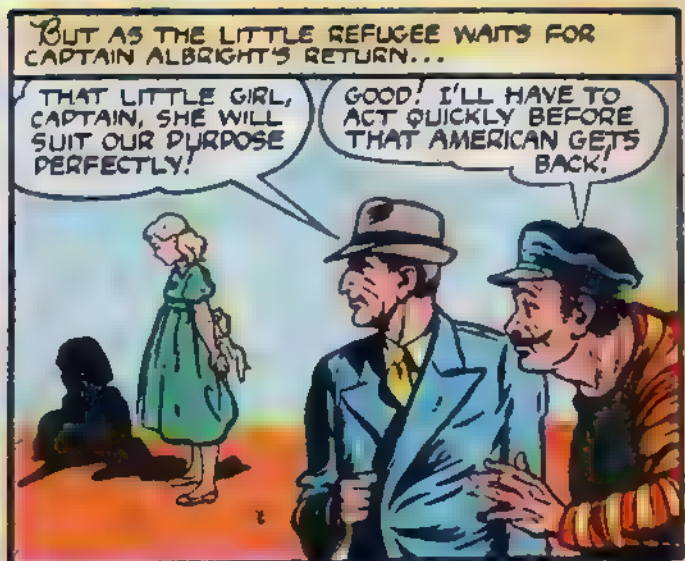
WHAT??? SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR PASSAGE ON THIS FILTHY TUB?? YOU'RE AS BIG A THIEF AS THE NAZIS THEMSELVES!

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!



YOU WAIT RIGHT HERE! I'LL BE BACK WITH THE MONEY! AND THEN I'LL SEE THE TURKISH CONSUL ABOUT THE PRICES THESE FELLOWS ASK!

MERCI! I WEEL WAIT RIGHT HERE FOR YOU!

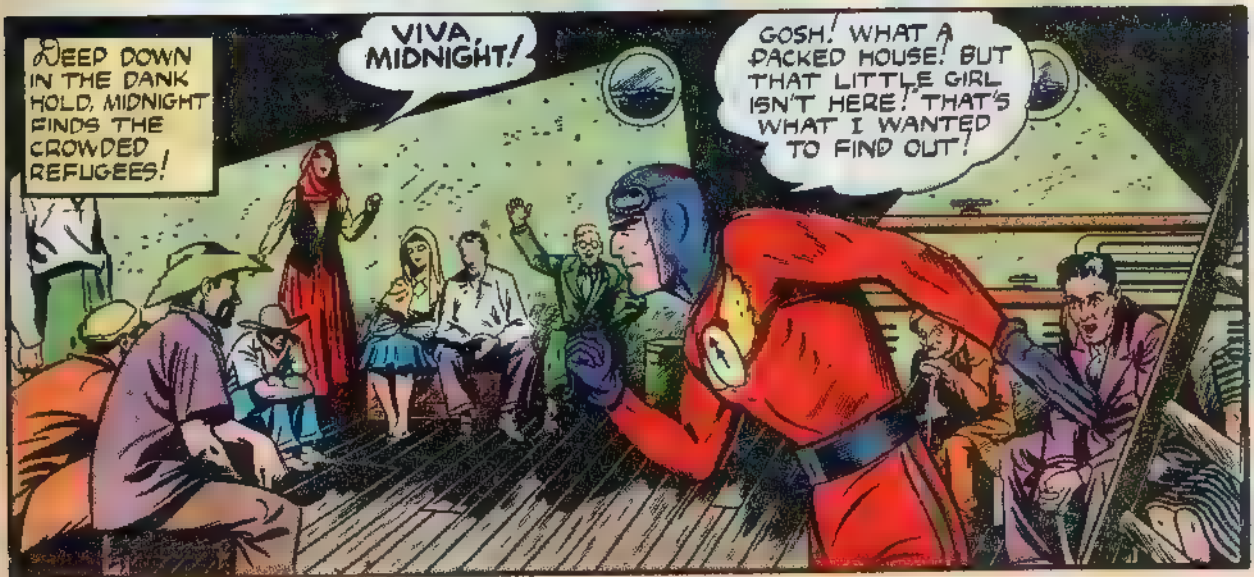
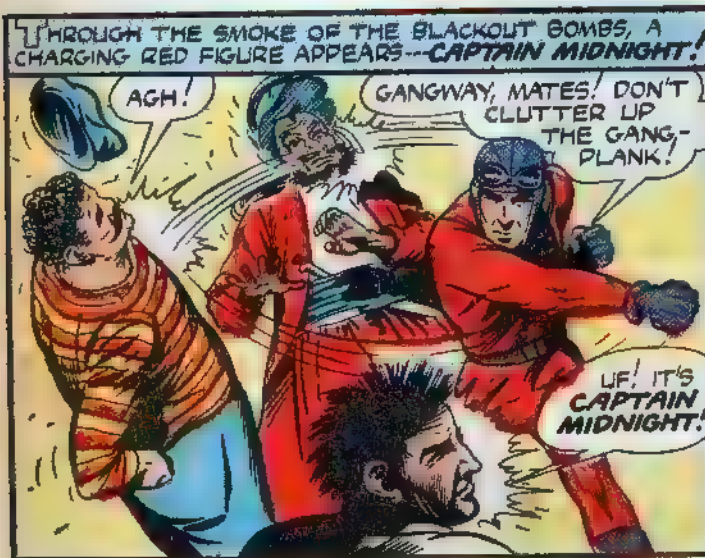
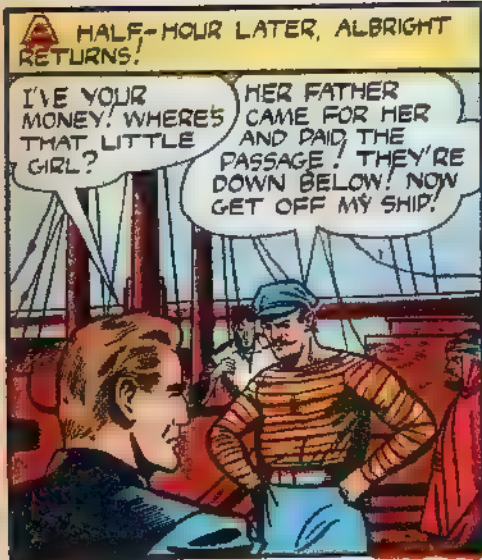


BUT AS THE LITTLE REFUGEE WAITS FOR CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S RETURN...

THAT LITTLE GIRL, CAPTAIN, SHE WILL SUIT OUR PURPOSE PERFECTLY!

GOOD! I'LL HAVE TO ACT QUICKLY BEFORE THAT AMERICAN GETS BACK!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

JUST THEN, A HEAVY BELAYING PIN IS THROWN DOWN FROM ABOVE!



I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT LITTLE--- UH!

MIDNIGHT IS TAKEN ON DECK!

PUT THE COVER ON AND ROLL HIM ASHORE! BY THE TIME HE WAKES UP WE WILL HAVE SAILED!

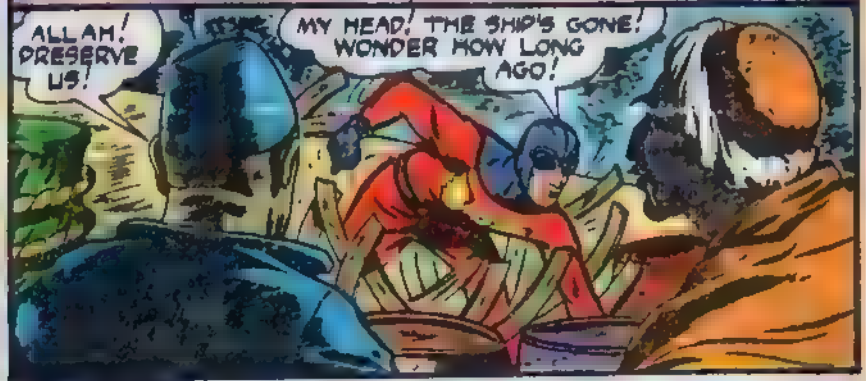


JA, KAPITAN PROSSER!

THAT NIGHT MIDNIGHT AWAKENS INSIDE THE BARREL!

ALL AH! PRESERVE US!

MY HEAD! THE SHIP'S GONE! WONDER HOW LONG AGO!



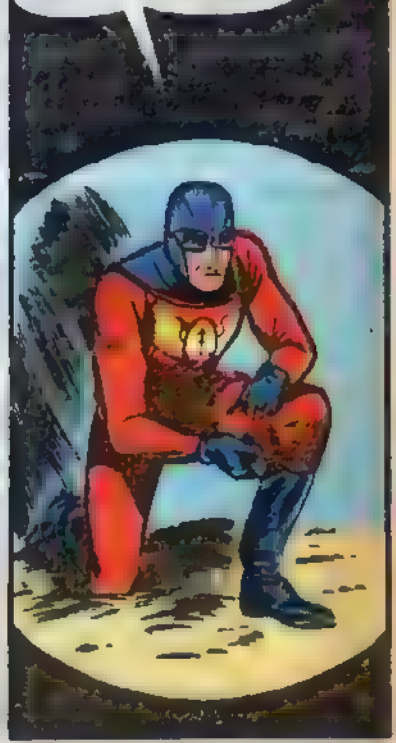
THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN DO NOW UNTIL... HOLD EVERYTHING! WHAT'S THIS STUCK IN MY FINGERNAILS?



HAIR... BLACK HAIR! IT MUST BE FROM THAT SAILOR I HIT ON THE NOGGIN! I WONDER IF THIS HAIR...? HERE'S A CHANCE TO GIVE MY POCKET LABORATORY A REAL TEST!



IF THESE CONCENTRATED CHEMICALS CAN ANALYZE THIS HAIR, MY POCKET LAB IS A SUCCESS!



MIDNIGHT'S LATEST INVENTION A PORTABLE KIT ABLE TO DO THE WORK OF A FULL-SIZED LABORATORY!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
MOVES
QUICKLY
AND...

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THESE HAIRS WERE BLONDE--DYED BLACK! PROBABLY GERMANS! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT ONLY NAZIS WOULD TREAT REFUGEES THE WAY THAT CAPTAIN DID!

SO THE NAZIS FORCE THESE PEOPLE TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES AND THEN CHARGE THEM FOR TRANSPORTATION! THERE'S ANOTHER REFUGEE SHIP LOADING FARTHER UP THE WATERFRONT! I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT IT!



SUDDENLY CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DARTS BACK INTO A SIDE STREET!

THAT LITTLE GIRL! IT LOOKS LIKE... THEY'RE GOING IN THAT HOUSE!



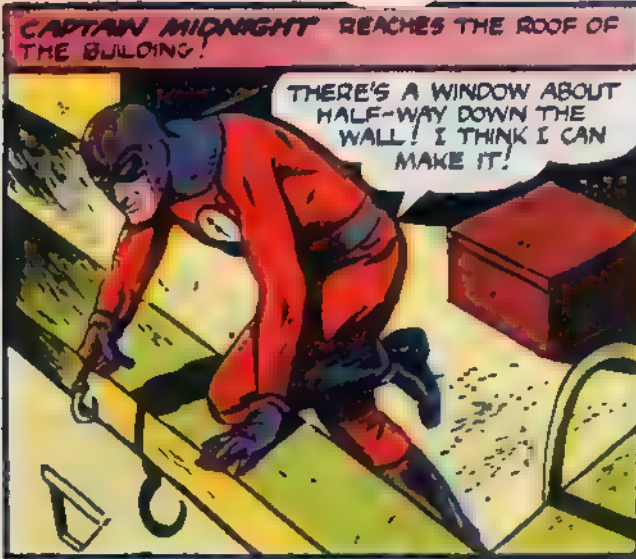
I'LL USE THE BACK FIRE-ESCAPE! I'M NO SNOB!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT REACHES THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING!

THERE'S A WINDOW ABOUT HALF-WAY DOWN THE WALL! I THINK I CAN MAKE IT!



HE LETS HIMSELF DOWN THE SIDE OF THE WALL WITH THE AID OF HIS SWING-DRING!



I JUST HOPE THE HOOK STAYS ON THAT LEDGE!

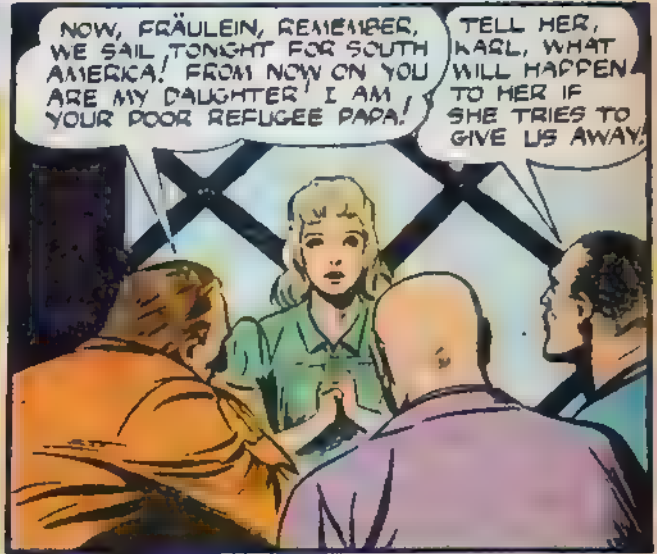


NICE OF THEM TO LEAVE THE WINDOW OPEN SO I CAN HEAR BETTER!



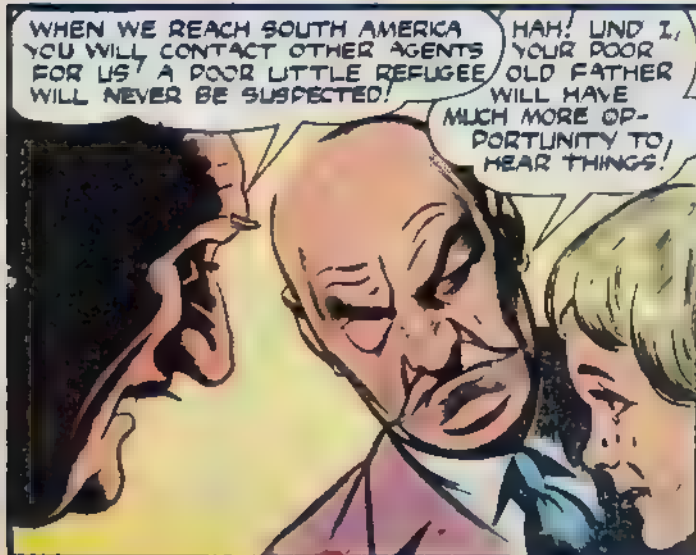
NOW, FRÄULEIN, REMEMBER, WE SAIL TONIGHT FOR SOUTH AMERICA! FROM NOW ON YOU ARE MY DAUGHTER! I AM YOUR POOR REFUGEE PAPA!

TELL HER, KARL, WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO HER IF SHE TRIES TO GIVE US AWAY!



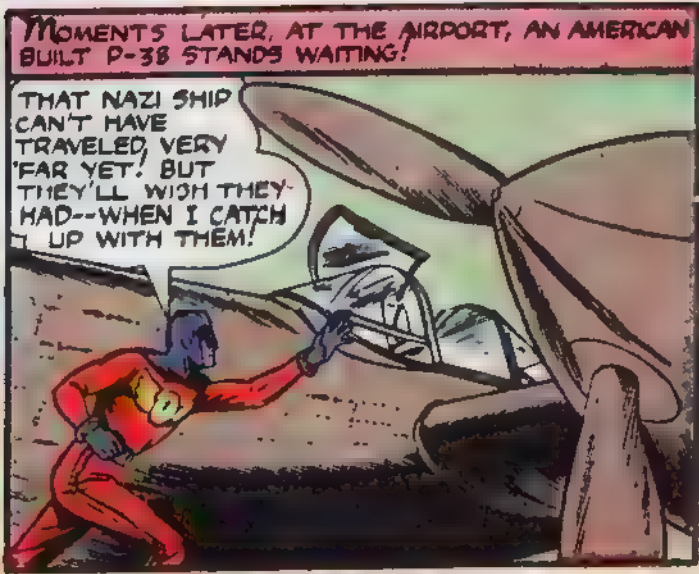
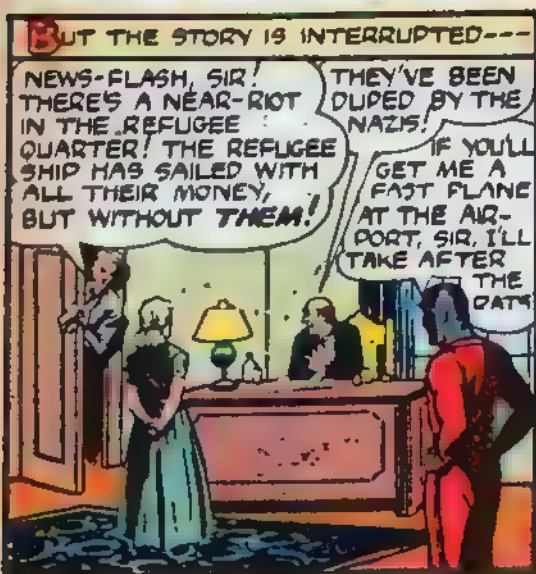
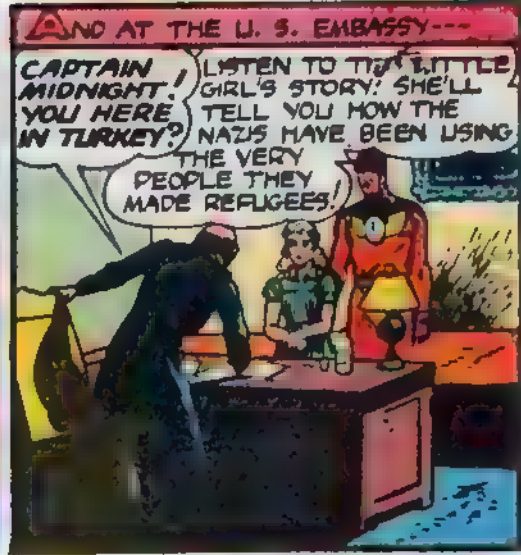
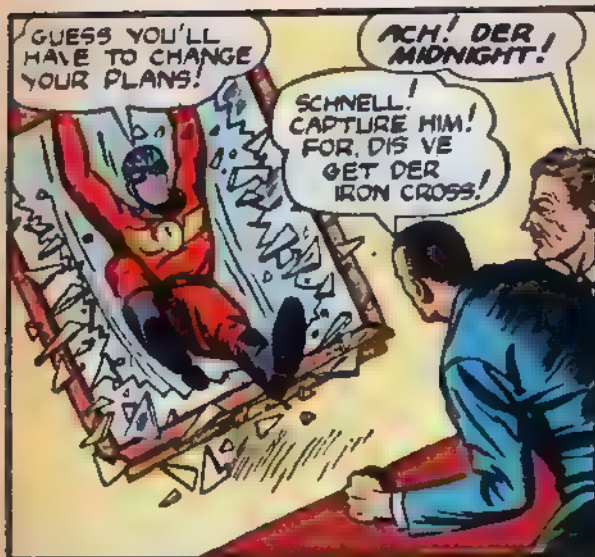
WHEN WE REACH SOUTH AMERICA YOU WILL CONTACT OTHER AGENTS FOR US! A POOR LITTLE REFUGEE WILL NEVER BE SUSPECTED!

HAH! UND I, YOUR POOR OLD FATHER WILL HAVE MUCH MORE OP-PORTUNITY TO HEAR THINGS!



TRUST THOSE NAZIS NOT TO MISS A TRICK! USING THE VERY PEOPLE THEY MADE HOMELESS! BUT NOT TO-NIGHT, RATZIS!





CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

AND ONLY TWENTY MINUTES LATER, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT FINDS HIS QUARRY.

THEY'VE SPOTTED ME! AND THEY'RE TRYING TO GET AWAY---IN A BALLOON. OF ALL THINGS!



SCHELL! FEUER! IF WE SHOOT DOWN DOT PLANE WE CAN STILL USE OUR BALLOON TO ESCAPE FROM PATROL SHIPS HE! SUMMONS!

JAWOHL! KAPITAN!



THEY GOT ME WITH THEIR PORT GUN!! DROT THE LUCK! SO BETTER TAKE TO MY GLIDERCHUTE BEFORE I LOSE TOO MUCH ALTITUDE!

SPREADING HIS INGENUOUS GLIDERCHUTE, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE ROPE LADDER.

IF I CAN REACH THE LADDER BEFORE THEY GET TO THE TOP...



I'LL HAVE THESE KNOTS UNTIED IN A SECOND!



MIIMMEL! SHUTUP MAN!

OH, THE MEN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



Hear CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT every evening, Monday through Friday, over these Stations

Austin, Texas
Bakersfield, Calif.
Baltimore, Md.
Bartle Creek, Mich.
Bay City, Mich.
Beaumont, Texas
Boston, Mass.
Bridgeport, Conn.
B. Kote, N. Y.
Burlington, Iowa
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Mo.
Danvers, Iowa
Denver, Col.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.

ENOW
KERN
WCBM
WELL
WGBM
WHDH
WHDH
WNAH
WNEB
KEUR
KFBC
WENR
WLSA
WHE
KFRU
WOC
KYOD
KSO
WATZ

Eric, Penna.
Flint, Mich.
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Texas
Fresno, Calif.
Hartford, Conn.
Houston, Texas
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jackson, Mich.
Jamestown, N. Y.
Kansas City, Mo.
Leasing, Mich.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Manchester, N. H.
Minneapolis, Minn.
New Haven, Conn.
Newport, Va.
New York City

WLEU
WFDI
WQWO
KGKO
KTKC
WNBC
KXYZ
WIBC
WIBM
WITN
KCMO
WJIM
KECA
WITR
WNUB
WTCM
WELI
WGH
WIZ

Oklahoma City, Okla.
Olean, N. Y.
Omaha, Neb.
Philadelphia, Penna.
Pittsburgh, Penna.
Plattsburg, N. Y.
Portland, Ore.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Princeton, R. I.
Pueblo, Colo.
Reno, Nev.
Rochester, N. Y.
Sacramento, Calif.
San Jose City, Calif.
San Antonio, Texas
San Diego, Calif.
Santa Barbara, Calif.
San Francisco, Calif.
Saratoga Lake, N. Y.

KJDR
WHDJ
KQWH
WHL
KQV
WHR
KEE
WFCI
KQHE
KOM
WHAM
KFB
KUIR
KABC
KESD
KTMS
KGO
WNBZ

Seattle, Wash.
Shenandoah, Iowa
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Mass.
Stamford, Conn.
Stockton, Calif.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Tulsa, Okla.
Troy (and Albany), N. Y.
Tulsa, Okla.
Waco, Texas
Washington, D. C.
Waterloo, Iowa
Wenatchee, Wash.
Wheeling, W. Va.
Wichita, Kans.
Winchester, Va.

KJR
KMA
KGA
WSPR
WSBR
KQW
KXOK
WAGE
WTO
WTRY
KOME
WACO
WJLA
XEL
EPO
WWVA
KFBI
WINC

FIVE TIMES A WEEK YOU CAN HEAR ME ON THE RADIO, PALS! REAL CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT THRILLS! DON'T MISS EM!



YOUR FAVORITE COMICS HERO IS ON THE AIR!

What will be **YOUR** place in the new world?

VICTORY will find us in a new world of electronics, synthetics, plastics, light metals, prefabricated buildings, high-octane gasoline—thousands of new industrial developments.

Look ahead to your place in the era of production marvels. Don't be satisfied to slide along in the same old groove while ambitious fellow-workers prepare to take over the top positions and the top rewards.

Far-sightedness is one of the requisites of leadership. Those possessing it are acting today to be qualified as *trained men* when tomorrow comes. They are mastering I. C. S. Courses NOW!

The cost of I. C. S. training is just a few dollars monthly. Mark your interest in the list of courses and mail the coupon for complete information on I. C. S. advantages right now! This can be the *turning point* of your career!



INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 3745, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of booklet and full particulars about the course before which I have marked X: ★

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|
| ☐ Air Brake | ☐ Contracting and Building | ☐ Marine Engines | ☐ Sheet Metal Work |
| ☐ Air Conditioning | ☐ Cotton Manufacturing | ☐ Mechanical Drafting | ☐ Ship Drafting |
| ☐ Airplane Drafting | ☐ Diesel Engines | ☐ Mechanical Engineering | ☐ Shipfitting |
| ☐ Architectural Drafting | ☐ Electrical Drafting | ☐ Mine Foreman | ☐ Shop Practice |
| ☐ Architecture | ☐ Electrical Engineering | ☐ Mold-Set Work | ☐ Steam Electric |
| ☐ Auto Engine Tune-up | ☐ Electrician | ☐ Navigation | ☐ Steam Engines |
| ☐ Auto Technician | ☐ Electrical Maintenance | ☐ Patternmaker's | ☐ Steam Fitting |
| ☐ Aviation | ☐ Foundryman | ☐ Plumbing | ☐ Structural Drafting |
| ☐ Aviation Mechanics | ☐ Heating | ☐ Pulp and Paper Making | ☐ Structural Engineering |
| ☐ Blueprint Reading | ☐ Heat Treatment of Metals | ☐ Radio Operating | ☐ Surveying and Mapping |
| ☐ Boilermaking | ☐ Highway Engineering | ☐ Radio Servicing | ☐ Telegraphy |
| ☐ Bridge Engr. | ☐ House Planning | ☐ R. R. Section Foreman | ☐ Telephone |
| ☐ Civil Engr. | ☐ Industrial Metallurgy | ☐ R. R. Signalman | ☐ Textile Design |
| ☐ Civil Engr. Coal Mining | ☐ Locomotive Engineer | ☐ Refrigeration | ☐ Tool Design |
| ☐ Concrete Engineering | ☐ Machinist | ☐ Sanitary Engineering | ☐ Welding |
| | ☐ Inspector | | ☐ Woolen Manufacturing |

BUSINESS COURSES

- | | | | |
|--|---|--|---|
| ☐ Accounting | ☐ Advertising | ☐ College Preparatory | ☐ First Year College |
| ☐ Bookkeeping | ☐ Commercial | ☐ Foreman's | ☐ Foreman's |
| ☐ Business Correspondence | ☐ Cost Accounting | ☐ Good English | ☐ French |
| ☐ Business Management | ☐ C. P. Accounting | ☐ High School | ☐ Illustrating |
| ☐ Cartoning | ☐ Civil Service | ☐ Federal Tax Course | |

HOME ECONOMICS COURSES

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| ☐ Advanced Dressmaking | ☐ Home Dressmaking | ☐ Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering |
| ☐ Foods and Cookery | ☐ Professional Dressmaking and Designing | |

Name..... Age..... Home Address.....

City..... State..... Present Position..... Working Hours.....

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada.
British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. C. S., England.

SPECIAL
TUITION RATES
FOR MEMBERS
OF THE
ARMED FORCES

BOYS! Get this SPITFIRE MODELING KNIFE



You will be delighted with this amazing gift offer. Here's a newly invented knife that will thrill every modeler and hobbyist. Listen! This X-acto Jr. is a replica of the fuselage of the famous Spitfire. The 3 double edged surgical steel, extra sharp blades give you 6 cutting blades . . . AND . . . it's interchangeable. Presto, Chango—no sooner a blade dulls you change to a brand new one in a jiffy. The extra blades are housed inside of the fuselage which you open at will. Read on for facts about our free offer.

HAVE MOTHER GET YOU A PAIR OF Thom McAn RAIDER SHOES WITH "MEL-FLEX" WEAR RESISTER SOLES

You don't have to buy Thom McAn shoes to get the 6 edged knife free for handling and mailing costs . . . BUT . . . we want every reader of this comic magazine to tell Mother about our new discovery which will cut the cost of boys' shoes way down. Here's how and why . . . those growing feet need lots of room. Thom McAn "RAIDERS" are scientifically designed for solid comfort from the word "go"—they are made on a broad, round toe last which allows ease for every one of the 5 toes. "RAIDERS" are double-stitched

and reinforced. They're sturdy and wear-defying . . . AND . . . science has furnished the extra feature.

It's the "MEL-FLEX" sole which outwears leather by an amazing margin.

How to get your knife

Bring Mother or Dad! Make your next shoes Thom McAn "RAIDERS"—all Dad he can be fitted too, and save money. "RAIDERS" Price \$2.99 — Price for Dad \$4.00.

Go to the nearest Thom McAn store in your city. Fill in this coupon and hand to our store clerk with 25c to cover handling and mailing costs of the X-acto Jr. 6 edged knife — your knife will be mailed from our main New York office. ACT NOW because the supply is limited. NOTE:—If there is no Thom McAn store in your city, mail coupon with 25c direct.

TAKE THIS COUPON
TO YOUR NEAREST
McAn STORE —



Mr. Thom McAn Store Manager: Here's 25c. Send my 6 edged X-acto Jr. knife to the address below.

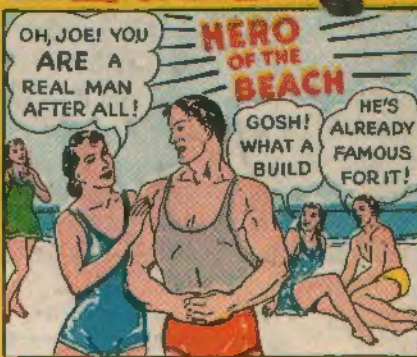
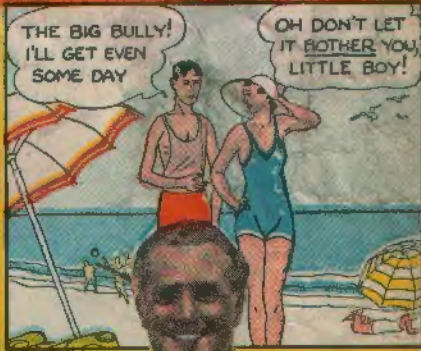
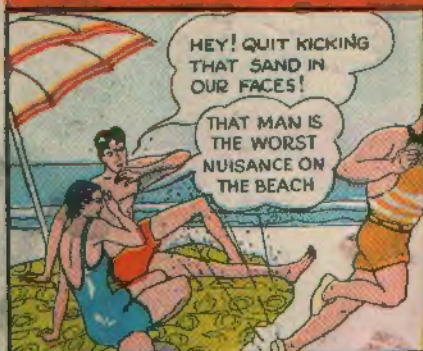
My Name
Street
City..... Zone No..... State.....

NOTE:—If there is no Thom McAn store in your city, fill in coupon, enclose 25c and mail to Thom McAn, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, 18, N. Y. (Positively no gift knife will be mailed to a city where there is a Thom McAn store unless you take this coupon to our local manager.)

IMPORTANT:—Only mail coupon if there is no Thom McAn store in your city.

HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes A Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever

dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health And Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 149D, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 149D, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name PA (Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

Charles
Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

